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LONDON, E.C.4., ENGLAND CENtral 6818-9

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WORLD SOCCER is published monthly by Echo Publications (London) Ltd., 1 Ludgate Circus Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4, England. Situated at this address are the magazine's Editorial, Advertising and Publishing offices. Printed by The Carlton Press, The Broadway, Chesham, Bucks.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS will be gladly received for consideration, providing such items (articles or photographs) are accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility will be accepted for the return of manuscripts or photographs if this condition is not observed. The Editor cannot accept responsibility for loss or injury during transit.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES are as follows: One Year £1-8-0 (U.S.A. and Canada 5 dollars); two years £2-10-0 (U.S.A. and Canada 9 dollars).

OVERSEAS CIRCULATION: Agents in all countries are urgently needed to help develop the circulation of WORLD SOCCER. Distributing organisations and individual circulation specialist interested in handling WORLD SOCCER at very favourable terms should contact The Circulation Manager, WORLD SOCCER, 1 Ludgate Circus Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4, England.

ADVERTISING: Rate Card and details supplied on application to Advertisement Director.

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This month's front cover . . .

An incident from the World Cup match between Chile and Brazil provides our cover action this month. Brazilian ace Didi (right) tackles the Chilean forward Landa. Brazil won 4-2 and went on to the final and retain their title at the expense of Czechoslovakia. (M.I.)

what to look for in next month's edition

The November edition of WORLD SOCCER will contain among other articles, the second part of the Swedish Saga, the conclusion of the feature on the Manchester United and Torino clubs by Roger Macdonald, an article on the problem of club before country by Eric Batty and Gordon Jeffery's European and South American Commentaries. In addition to the other established material, there will be a selection of the top eleven players of the past year. News from all corners of the Soccer globe and pictures, too, will form this edition of the international soccer magazine WORLD SOCCER. Order your copy now.

OCTOBER WORLD SOCCER 1962
VOL. 3 No. 1

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INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Aug. 12: Rep. of Ireland 4, Iceland 2
.. 26: Norway 2, Finland 1
Sept. 2: Iceland 1, Rep. of Ireland 1
.. 2: Poland 0, Hungary 2

REPUBLIC OF IRELAND IS THROUGH

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Each month on these pages we go back over the major internationals played since the last issue. The particular games featured are indicated at the head of the article for quick reference.

by GORDON JEFFERY

TWO legs of a European Nations Cup Preliminary Competition tie that have resulted in the Republic of Ireland becoming the first nation to join the exempted three (the USSR, Austria and Luxembourg) in the First Round Proper; yet another International in Norway who are preparing seriously for the 1964 Olympics; and a canter for Hungary in Poland — that's the still small sum total of Full Internationals for the month.

Next month there is a much more crowded fixture list with the Czech visit to Vienna promising to be the showpiece. The Austrians have been anticipating this match for several weeks with the recurrent theme behind their eagerness that the Czechs proved themselves worthy runners-up to Brazil in Chile and, as such, have some claim to be regarded as the number one nation in Europe.

An Austrian victory would thus imply that they are the European masters. . . .

For myself I remain content to accept the European Nations Cup as the most satisfactory method of determining the European masters — and that means waiting until July, 1964, to learn who, if anyone, has toppled the Soviet Union from their throne—if they will pardon the word!

In any case whatever was not happening on the Full International front, pride of place this month needs to go to the news that, at last, it can be definitely and authoritatively stated that *Santos are the South American Club champions!*

Whatever funny things happened to Mr. Greaves on his way to the Spurs, a whole lot funnier ones would have happened had he taken the road via South America rather than Italy! To recap, over several past issues in which, in South American Commentary and in the International Post-Mortem pages, I have tried to plot the course of the South American counterpart to the much larger, but smoother running, European Champions Cup competition.

It began earnestly enough with more regard for organisation than the South Americans often show. Then the Chileans concern with the forthcoming World Cup, the European tours of Penarol and the Uruguayan national party, and the post-World Cup jaunt to Paris by Santos, combined to play ducks and drakes with plans for resolving the semi-final matches.

Completed

In time, the best part of three months later than had been hoped, these were completed and Penarol and Santos prepared for the final. Thus far I had reached by the end of last month's South American Commentary with every expectation that there would be just time to catch the late-July final legs in the Post-Mortem pages.

The first leg in Montevideo was completed without exceptional trouble and resulted in a satisfactory away win for Santos (without Pelé) by the odd goal in three. The fun and games started in the return leg in Brazil. . . .

We were geared to get this result at the moment before going to press — and nearly fell into the same trap as did many European soccer and sporting papers of noting the reported final score from Sao Paulo — 3-3 — and of deducing from it that Santos had won! Fortunately for our blushes, a slightly more reliable report came to hand and we were able, almost literally, to stop the press and add to my last month's Post-Mortem feature the curious tale of the match that lasted three and a half hours, after the barricades had been stormed and the Chilean (and World Cup) referee, Gil Robles, had first abandoned and then, after much argument, resumed the match.

Three courses, I suggested last month, seemed open to the Organising Committee: (1) to accept the final result (3-3) leaving Santos as the winners on aggregate; (2) to accept the score (2-1 in favour of Penarol) at the time of abandonment and therefore accept that the two clubs were level on goal-aggregate and a deciding match on neutral soil necessary; or (3) to forget the match in Sao Paulo and play the second leg again.

The four weeks that have followed my writing that stop-press item have merely confirmed what I have always suspected (and many readers will no doubt have gathered), that no point of football organisation in the Latin American world can be resolved in such simple terms.

A host of conflicting reports have been received — some of which readers may have seen printed elsewhere. Lima of all places was at one time suggested as the venue for a deciding match. Santos held out for a long time for carrying forward to a third match their one-goal advantage from the first leg. Penarol, with their two-year tenure of the South American crown and their current entitlement to the unofficial title of world club champions almost prised from their clasp, seem on the whole to have sat tight and said nothing once they knew that a third match had been ordained — presumably had Santos, as once appeared likely, washed their hands of the whole affair, Penarol would have retained their title unopposed.

Now — and again only barely in time to get our final press-date — the dust has settled, and I can give as clear a picture as we are likely to get. One thing was wrong about my hasty stop-press item of last month I think. The score never was 2-1 in Penarol's favour. It was 3-2 and it was at that point that the effective abandonment took place. The teams on the occasion were as follows:

Santos: Gilmar; Lima, Dalmao; Zito, Mauro, Calvet; Dorval, Mengalvio, Pagao, Coutinho, Pepé.

Penarol: Maidana; Lezcano, Cano; Caetano, Gonzalez, Matosas; Rocha, Carranza, Sasia, Spencer, Joya.

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Turkey defeated Norway in a preliminary World Cup game last year 2-1 in Istanbul. Here the Norwegian goalkeeper saves a difficult situation. (Keystone 1.)

The Ecuadorian Spencer opened the scoring for Penarol in the fifteenth minute but Dorval equalised almost immediately and nine minutes from half-time, Mengalvio put Santos ahead.

The sensations were reserved for the second half when, within five minutes, Spencer had equalised and Sasia put Penarol ahead. And it was with that score, Penarol 3, Santos 2, that Gil Robles brought the players off the pitch. Pagao was the scorer of Santos's "equaliser" after the resumption.

Noticed

The Latin American referees during the World Cup matches let it be known that they felt aggrieved at being given the linesmen flags rather than the referee's whistle in the early matches and were, as I expect readers will have noticed, given the main job in some of the later matches — without, I thought, giving much evidence that they are yet up to European standard.

It seems that this is likewise the view of the South American Federation and the call went out to Mr. Leo Horn to take charge of the replayed match. It took place in Buenos Aires, from whence we can usually depend upon reliable reports. At the moment, however, the bare details are that the match appears to have been without any unsavoury incidents, that Santos won by two goals to nil and that the scorers were Coutinho in the eleventh minute and (this to delight soccer fans the world over) by Pelé in the forty-eighth.

Curiously, after all the procrastinations, dates have already been mentioned (but I for one take them with a pinch of salt) for the meeting of the European and South American club champions, Benfica and Santos — the former's secretary, Armando Barros Texeira, is apparently planning September 19 or 20 for the first leg.

In the quieter atmosphere of European national play the Republic of Ireland had little difficulty in beating Iceland 4-2 at Dalymount Park in the first leg of their European Nations Cup engagement at a time when, with Football League fixtures yet to start, they were able to field just about their strongest side — even though that meant again deploying Noel Cantwell at centre-forward! Cantwell, as ever in his country's strip — or his club's for that matter, turned in an enthusiastic performance and scored two of the Republic's four goals. Liam Tuohy and Ambrose Fogarty were the other Irish scorers and Rikardur Jonsson, scorer of Iceland's only goal in their previous International match against Norway, got both the Iceland goals.

It was wise planning by the Irish getting in that first leg before the calls of English clubs on their clubs became too exacting. Generally the English clubs felt able to respond fairly generously by releasing players for the second leg — but that could not have been anticipated at this two-match per week time of the English season, and it must have been comforting to the Irish selectors to know that they had a two-goal advantage in the bag when they set off for Reykjavik and the second leg. Two changes had to be made from the side that played against Iceland in the first leg with neither of the Manchester United pair, Tony Dunne nor Johnny Giles, available. A third United player, Noel Cantwell, did play.

Available

Fortunately experienced players in Brendan McNally and Noel Peyton were available to fill the vacancies — and the one doubt left in Irish minds was whether Pat Saward and Tommy Traynor, both needed by their clubs, Huddersfield and Southampton, could get from their Saturday matches in Huddersfield and Rotherham to Manchester in time to hop the plane that should connect with the held-back flight to Iceland from Glasgow!

Both players did arrive safely and on time in Reykjavik, which was just as well since one of Ireland's two travelling reserves was a goalkeeper!

The match itself, watched by 12,000 spectators in Reykjavik's pleasant little medium, was pleasant and entertaining without being exciting or containing much exemplary football. Charlie Hurley lost a toss he had hoped to win to take advantage of the cold breeze behind an all-out Irish attempt to quickly increase their two-goal aggregate lead. But it was still the Irish who were first on the attack, exploiting to the full their obvious midfield mastery. Yet, as they had shown before in Dublin, the Icelanders were alive to their deficiencies in midfield and content to pack heavily in defence.

This, and poor finishing by the

Continued overleaf

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GORDON JEFFERY'S INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM—*from previous page*

Irish forwards, kept the Icelandic goal intact until the thirty-eighth minute when Noel Peyton flicked a precision pass to Dermot Curtis on the right wing. The Ipswich player slipped past left-back, Felixsson, and neatly chipped the ball into the goalmouth for Liam Tuohy to head it home.

In the second half the Icelanders abandoned the defensive tactics that could do nothing to pull back a three-goal deficit and, perhaps there was also some slight slackening off by the Irish, dominated the play nearly as much as the Republic had done in the first half. In this, Iceland were largely inspired by their one professional, the fair-haired St. Mirren player, Torolfur Beck. Beck it was who made the equaliser, after a little less than a quarter of an hour's play in the second half, as he pulled a neat pass back to his right-half for Arnason to hammer past Kelly.

The goal obviously delighted the home supporters — who gave both teams incidentally a warm ovation as they left the field (it makes a change from bottles and stones!) — but with Hurley now playing at his controlled, immaculate best and Saward and Nolan supporting him well, there never seemed much danger to the Irish goal.

Jorge De Souza of America (Brazil) (left) and Abdul Nhassengo of Belenenses make up two pieces of a Chinese puzzle in this International Soccer League Final in the United States. America won the two-game play-off. (Planet 1.)

Displeased

On the same Sunday, Hungary made the journey to Poznan to play Poland. Sixty thousand spectators turned up for this match and had no reason, save some natural disappointment that Poland were the losers, to feel displeased about a game in which the playing standard was high, and the attacks constantly switching from end to end. Hungary were, as had been expected, just a shade more poised, a shade quicker in their execution, and deserved their victory although the two-goal margin may have been a little flattering to them. Indeed had Poland not had a goal disallowed for offside soon after Tichy in the twelfth minute had put Hungary in front from a penalty, the final score might well have been more like 3-2 for the Hungarians. As it was, Gorocs scored a second goal for them five minutes from the interval and they were on the whole content in the second period to contain the Polish attacks — attacks that, apart from the competent defensive work of the Hungarians, were poorly finished by the forwards.

Pohl, the Gornik star, so often a threat to opposing defences, had a very disappointing match, as did centre-forward Musialek. The latter was in fact replaced by Gajda in the second half without much more striking power being noticeable as a result of the change.

In the Hungarian side the vacant Grosics spot in goal went, not to Ilku who had played in the World Cup match against Bulgaria, but to the twenty-three-year-old Vasas 'keeper, Antal Szentmihalyi. That versatile young player, Gyula Rakosi, had a run at outside-right: otherwise the Hungarians lined up much as usual except that Machos was at centre-forward instead of Florian Albert.

Three more newcomers made their Full International débuts for Norway in the match at Bergen against Finland: two of them from this season's "success" club, Brann, and one, the outside-left Jan Aas, from the reigning champions, Fredrikstad. My piece about Norway in this month's European Commentary had gone to press before Norway's team was picked and I must confess to having felt a little smug that two of the newer Brann players I had mentioned in the European Commentary, were selected for the first "caps" — the left-half Odd Oppedahl, and the centre-forward, Roald Paulsen.

Gathering

In European Commentary however I commented upon the effective wing-half partnership of Oppedahl with Trygve Andersen but this was not maintained in the national line-up where Andersen, as he has done before, was asked to take over the slightly troublesome centre-half spot, filled in the two previous matches by Per Martinsen who now appeared in the "B" team for their match, also against Finland, in Tammerfors. The two countries Under-23 elevens also met at Bjorneborg and, for good measure, on the day previous to these three matches, Norway's Youth eleven played the Danish Youth in Copenhagen!

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Sheffield Wednesday goalkeeper Ron Springett is beaten by this shot during his club's match at Goodison Park, where the home side, Everton, eventually won 4-1. (Prov. 1.)

NOT AT ALL SURPRISING EITHER

STUART SHAW'S *English Review*

WITH the season now well under way, readers of this column will not be surprised at the attendance figures quoted for the opening Football League matches.

Just to remind you....

"You know, the opening attendances might well be pleasantly surprising ones and for no other reason than that the clubs with the bigger attendance potential will do well." This is an extract from last month's WORLD SOCCER.

With Everton, Liverpool, Manchester United and Tottenham Hotspur showing their crowd-pulling attributes in the First Division—given the right amount of success of course — this has been the chief contributing factor to this early season boost.

Newcastle United and Sunderland have also shown that the crowds are still interested in successful north-eastern clubs, thus providing the Second Division with its own stimulant.

But the John Charles life-giving injection for Leeds United badly mis-fired from the finance angle at least. With increased admission charges, the club only attracted 14,000 to their first home game and 17,500 to the second. Of this latter figure a good proportion were Sunderland supporters, too.

Unsettled

Leeds United Chairman Harry Reynolds was quick to deride the fans for their poor response after the first "gate", but with typical Yorkshire business acumen reversed his views with sincere apologies following the second game.

Now, on top of all these worries for the Elland Road club are rumours that John Charles is unsettled in England and wants to go back to Italy. The club has by no means set the division alight, though the presence of Charles has increased interest on many away trips as expected.

My forecast of at least one 70,000 attendance nearly went on the opening home mid-week game at Goodison Park where some 69,500 saw the Merseysiders defeat Denis Law and Manchester United. A close call indeed.

Some of my other predictions are still holding up and Ipswich Town will have to improve considerably if they wish to retain their title.

Selection

Unfortunately we seem to be no nearer a successor or successors to the Walter Winterbottom position. Applications are apparently still pouring in from home and abroad although it is thought that most of the top Football League managers have not bothered to apply for either vacancy, probably because they have a pretty free hand where they are and may not be sure that similar status will be part of the Football Association scheme.

Of course, the positions could well be finally filled after the Football Association have approached someone *they* consider measures up to their requirements.

The club and country wrangle seems no nearer a solution either. Though, again, this is nothing new for the game. On top of the England team selection headaches with Bobby Charlton injured, skipper Johnny Haynes was involved in a car accident that has put him out of soccer until the New Year.

Not so fortunate as this was Ron Brett, the Crystal Palace forward who was killed in a car crash a few days later. Brett was the player involved in the exchange deal which took Johnny Byrne to West Ham.

Harking back to some of my rash statements concerning the current season and subsequent events, my remark on the unlikelihood of another club performing *a la* Accrington Stanley could well have been premature.

Workington have made a useful enough start to their Fourth Division season being well up with the leaders of the section but have only managed home gates of 3,700, 3,400 and 3,300. All this with a winning team. One shudders to think of their plight if they hit a losing spell.

Elected to the Football League some eleven years ago, Workington are faced with a double-headed problem strangling the bid for survival. First the local population is a small one in the region of 30,000 and there is competition from Workington Rugby League club who are also enjoying a successful season. Though the handling code boys only pull in a few more hundred fans than the Reds, the town simply cannot support either to any great extent.

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European fixtures

League games for the month of Oct.

ENGLAND

October 6

Aston Villa v. West Bromwich Albion; Blackburn Rovers v. Burnley; Blackpool v. Manchester United; Ipswich Town v. Leicester City; Liverpool v. Bolton Wanderers; Manchester City v. Leyton Orient; Nottingham Forest v. Fulham; Sheffield United v. Sheffield Wednesday; Tottenham Hotspur v. Arsenal; West Ham United v. Birmingham City; Wolverhampton Wanderers v. Everton.

October 13

Arsenal v. West Ham United; Birminghans City v. Manchester City; Bolton Wanderers v. Wolverhampton Wanderers; Burnley v. Sheffield United; Everton v. Aston Villa; Fulham v. Ipswich Town; Leicester City v. Liverpool; Leyton Orient v. Blackpool; Manchester United v. Blackburn Rovers; Sheffield Wednesday v. Nottingham Forest; West Bromwich Albion v. Tottenham Hotspur.

October 20

Aston Villa v. Leyton Orient; Blackburn Rovers v. Leicester City; Blackpool v. Fulham; Ipswich Town v. West Bromwich Albion; Liverpool v. Arsenal; Manchester City v. Sheffield Wednesday; Nottingham Forest v. Everton; Sheffield United v. Bolton Wanderers; Tottenham Hotspur v. Manchester United; West Ham United v. Burnley; Wolverhampton Wanderers v. Birmingham City.

October 27

Arsenal v. Wolverhampton Wanderers; Birmingham City v. Aston Villa; Bolton Wanderers v. Nottingham Forest; Burnley v. Manchester City; Everton v. Ipswich Town; Fulham v. Blackburn Rovers; Leicester City v. Sheffield United; Leyton Orient v. Tottenham Hotspur; Manchester United v. West Ham United; Sheffield Wednesday v. Blackpool; West Bromwich Albion v. Liverpool.

SCOTLAND

Scottish League

October 6

Airdrieonians v. Clyde; Celtic v. Kilmarnock; Dundee v. Falkirk; Dunfermline Athletic v. Heart of Midlothian; Hibernian v. Raith Rovers; Partick Thistle v. Dundee United; Queen of the South v. Rangers; St. Mirren v. Aberdeen; Third Lanark v. Motherwell.

October 13

Aberdeen v. Raith Rovers; Clyde v. Queen of the South; Dundee United v. St. Mirren; Dunfermline Athletic v. Third Lanark; Falkirk v. Partick Thistle; Hibernian v. Dundee; Kilmarnock v. Heart of Midlothian; Motherwell v. Celtic; Rangers v. Airdrieonians.

October 20

Airdrieonians v. Falkirk; Celtic v. Dundee United; Dundee v. Kilmarnock; Heart of Midlothian v. Motherwell; Partick Thistle v. Dunfermline Athletic; Queen of the South v. Aberdeen; Raith Rovers v. Clyde; St. Mirren v. Hibernian; Third Lanark v. Rangers.

October 27

Aberdeen v. Rangers; Airdrieonians v. Celtic; Clyde v. Third Lanark; Dundee United v. Raith Rovers; Dunfermline Athletic v. Dundee; Falkirk v. Heart of Midlothian; Hibernian v. Queen of the South; Kilmarnock v. Motherwell; Partick Thistle v. St. Mirren.

Swiss international Robert Ballamann gets the better of his opposing Luxemburger in a recent international. (Planet 1.)

HOLLAND

October 7

DOS v. Feyenoord; Volewijckers v. Willem II; Blauw Wit v. PSV; Sparta v. Heracles; MVV v. Ajax; GVAV v. Volendam; NAC v. ADO.

October 21

Willem II v. DOS; PSV v. Volewijckers; Fortuna 54 v. Blauw Wit; Heracles v. Enschede; Ajax v. Sparta; Volendam v. MVV; ADO v. GVAV; Feyenoord v. NAC.

October 28

Willem II v. Feyenoord; DOS v. PSV; Volewijckers v. Fortuna 54; Blauw Wit v. Heracles; Enschede v. Ajax; Sparta v. Volendam; MVV v. ADO; GVAV v. NAC.

FRANCE

First Division

October 7

Lens v. Nice; Angers v. Sedan; Rennes v. Strasbourg; Stade Francais v. Rouen; Grenoble v. Reims; Marseille v. R.C. de Paris; Monaco v. Valenciennes; Nimes v. Nancy; Toulouse v. Montpellier; Bordeaux v. Lyon.

October 10

Reims v. Strasbourg; Valenciennes v. Toulouse; Rennes v. Sedan; R.C. de Paris v. Bordeaux; Lyon v. Nancy; Grenoble v. Stade Francais; Rouen v. Angers; Marseille v. Lens; Nice v. Nimes; Montpellier v. Monaco.

October 14

Sedan v. Lyon; Lens v. Bordeaux; Nancy v. Valenciennes; Strasbourg v. Montpellier; Angers v. Marseille; Stade Francais v. Nice; Rouen v. Reims; Monaco v. Grenoble; Nimes v. Rennes; Toulouse v. R.C. de Paris.

October 21

Reims v. Sedan; Valenciennes v. Lens; Strasbourg v. Nancy; Rennes v. Angers; R.C. Paris v. Stade Francaise; Lyon v. Grenoble; Marseille v. Rouen; Nice v. Monaco; Montpellier v. Nimes; Bordeaux v. Toulouse.

October 28

Sedan v. Toulouse; Lens v. Lyon; Nancy v. Monaco; Angers v. Valenciennes; Stade Francais v. Strasbourg; Grenoble v. Montpellier; Rouen v. Rennes; Nice v. R.C. Paris; Nimes v. Marseilles; Bordeaux v. Reims.

LUXEMBOURG

October 7

Fola v. The National; Aris v. US Dudelange; Belvaux v. Beggen; Red Boys v. Alliance; Spora v. Union; Stade v. Jeunesse.

October 21

The National v. Jeunesse; Union v. Stade; Alliance v. Spora; Beggen v. Red Boys; US Dudelange v. Belvaux; Fola v. Aris.

October 28

Aris v. The National; Belvaux v. Fola; Red Boys v. US Dudelange; Spora v. Beggen; Stade v. Alliance; Jeunesse v. Union.

SWITZERLAND

October 7

Bale v. Young Fellows; Bienne v. Chiasso; Chaux-de-Fonds v. Lausanne; Grasshoppers v. Zurich; Lugano v. Granges; Servette v. Lucerne; Sion v. Young Boys.

October 14

Chaux-de-Fonds v. Bienne; Chiasso v. Bale; Granges v. Servette; Lausanne v. Lucerne; Young Boys v. Lugano; Young Fellows v. Grasshoppers; Zurich v. Sion.

October 21

Bale v. Chaux-de-Fonds; Bienne v. Lausanne; Grasshoppers v. Chiasso; Lugano v. Zurich; Lucerne v. Granges; Servette v. Young Boys; Sion v. Young Fellows.

October 28

Bienne v. Bale; Chaux-de-Fonds v. Grasshoppers; Chiasso v. Sion; Lausanne v. Granges; Young Boys v. Lucerne; Young Fellows v. Lugano; Zurich v. Servette.

SPAIN

October 7

Barcelona v. Coruna; Malaga v. Real Madrid; Elche v. Betis; Valladolid v. Atletico Bilbao; Oviedo v. Malborca; Valencia v. Osasuna; Sevilla v. Cordoba; Atletico Madrid v. Zaragoza.

October 14

Barcelona v. Malaga; Real Madrid v. Elche; Betis v. Valladolid; Atletico Bilbao v. Oviedo; Malloeca v. Valencia; Osasuna v. Sevilla; Cordoba v. Atletico Madrid; Coruna v. Zaragoza.

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What does the future hold for the game?

ERIC BATTY forecasts

Last month Eric Batty predicted a gloomy end for the game if current trends continued. This time he attempts to put forward theories which, if adopted in practice, could lead to a complete rebirth of the game and provide the necessary stimulant for its continued growth and prosperity.

A NEW GOLDEN SOCCER AGE

LAST month in a long article I attempted to show that the defensive attitude presented by most of the teams who reached the final stages of the World Cup represented a real threat to the future of the game. I also tried to show that the reasons for this fundamental switch in thinking stemmed from the falling playing standards generally which in turn resulted from the simple fact that today there were so many more things besides football competing for our leisure time.

If all I said in that article is true (and I honestly believe that it is) then a really hefty question mark must hang over the future of the game, and if we are to prevent it from falling first into disrepute and finally to ruins we must find a way to raise the individual playing standards.

There is no doubt in my mind that the Africans have a great future in football, but it is equally certain that there, too, the time will come when the playing standards hang in the balance, when they will in their turn face the same problems.

For the moment though the Africans can face the future with confidence. Here in Europe we've got to get down to a lot of clear thinking and apply ourselves to the game as never before.

Particular

The first task is to re-create an interest for football in the public as a whole and in the younger age groups in particular, and before we set out it will be as well to realise that for the middle-aged to preach about "youngsters of today being idle" will get us nowhere at all!

What we must do is make football, and training for football, interesting for our youngsters. Give them a challenge; capture their imagination, show them how to work at improving their play, and prove that if they respond they'll get promotion and a chance to show just what they can do. We can all help in this — club directors, managers, coaches, the fans on the terraces and the press.

With the right approach it can be done, for I know very well that the boys and youths of today are just as eager (and probably more intelligent) than their fathers and grandfathers were, and the right approach could work miracles!

The right approach can be summed up simply in two words — good coaching.

I know, of course, that there are many opponents of coaching. In some quarters it has been held up to ridicule and its biggest critics are those that simply don't understand it! Good coaching does not turn out "canned football" or "mechanical play" — neither does it set out to stifle initiative or smother individual ability — but rather to improve the ball skill of each player and build up understanding between the individual and his team-mates.

Naturally I don't expect to have converted all the critics of coaching with these few words but I believe it can be done quite easily. How many WORLD SOCCER readers have tried their hands at coaching? The critics will throw up their hands in horror — *never!*

All right then, those who don't believe in coaching; those that hate and despise the word — have you ever been out on the lawn in the back garden with your two-year-old son, your nephew or perhaps your young brother, and offering a big coloured ball to the toddler, said "Kick it"? Perhaps you even made some innocent remark like "Now try it with your left foot" or "Keep your eye on the ball". Whether you like it or not you were *coaching!*

Although you may now be prepared to admit that you have in an amateur fashion tried your hand at coaching you may still not be convinced that we need a nation-wide coaching system and to prove that we do need just that is my first objective. Take a look at your local club's retained list for this season, and then if you can find an old programme or a football annual of five years ago compare the list of players then with the current strength. Now think for a moment of those young players who were there five years ago that had been forgotten because they moved to another club after failing to make the grade. Didn't you personally think that one or two of them were promising? After all the club must have thought so or they would never have engaged them in the first place!

In many cases the failures — those that failed to reach the required standard will be as high as eighty per cent — and I firmly believe that this is due to the fact that they are left to fend for themselves, to find their own way to the top. Given a good coach the number of failures might have been reduced,

Continued on page 12

A surprised Greaves is robbed by Argentina's left-winger Belen in the World Cup game at Rancagua during the Chile World Cup series. (A.P.I.)

SOUTH AMERICAN COMMENTARY
by **GORDON JEFFERY**

BRAZIL SALUTES GRANDE!

LEAGUE programmes are now in full array in Brazil, Argentina and Chile. In Brazil after eight of the thirteen First Division clubs had played five matches, only Flamengo had a hundred per cent record — and they were one of the clubs who had played their full quota of five matches.

The odd number of clubs means, as I have mentioned before, that one club per week has a "rest" — from League football at any rate. Flamengo are due for their "rest" in the sixth week and they can take it in the happy knowledge that, even at this early stage, no club that is playing can topple them from the head of the table.

A much lesser-known Brazilian club, Campo Grande, are in second place with seven points from their two wins and three draws to date. But Campo's sixth week match is against Fluminense and that may mean the end of Campo's brave little unbeaten run.

Fluminense, like Flamengo, won their first three matches; had their "rest" in the fourth week and then played Flamengo in a clash of old rivals. Flamengo won by the only goal of the match. Which score and my mention of Campo Grande's three draws in five matches rather sadly sums up Brazilian league football to date this season.

Of the first twenty-nine matches in fact, eleven resulted in draws and something like the rock-bottom, the ultimate absurdity of defensive football, appears to have been reached in the matches played in the fifth week. There were, of course, six of them — as follows:

Flamengo	1	Fluminense	0
Bangu	0	Botafogo	0
Madureira	1	Olaria	1
America	1	Campo Grande	1
Sao Cristovao	1	Bon Sucesso	1
Portuguesa	1	Canto do Rio	1

Flamengo's victory over Flum was thus the only definite result of the six matches and the total number of goals scored by the twelve teams was nine! America's programme has had to be fitted in with their matches in the United States against the Portuguese club, Belenenses, to decide the 1962 winners of the International Soccer League.

Earlier they had headed Section One while Belenenses won Section Two. America duly won both matches against Belenenses (1-0 and 2-1) but lost to last year's Soccer League winners, Dukla Prague, for the American Challenge Cup.

In the Brazilian League matches, America have been less successful but the two matches they have lost were against Flamengo and Fluminense. They have drawn with both Campo Grande and Sao Cristovao and have yet to win, and sit on the bottom of the table with two points along with Canto do Rio, Portuguesa and Sao Cristovao. None of these clubs have won yet, nor have Bangu — but they have three points from three draws in three matches and the goal record of nil for and nil against! Goalkeeper Ubirajara can feel that he, at least, is doing his job.

The disappointment of the early matches has been the set-backs suffered by Botafogo. They started off on the wrong foot by losing to Campo Grande 1-0.

The result seemed a little less surprising when it was learned that the pre-match selected line-up of Manga; Joel, Ze Maria; Airton, Rildo, Nilton Santos; Garrincha, Didi, Quarentinha or Amoroso, Amarildo and Zagalo in fact disintegrated when most of the stars staged a more-pay strike. The eleven who did play against Campo Grande were thus: Manga; Joel, Ze Maria; Rildo, Pampolini, Paulistinha; Luis Carlos, Edison, Amoroso, Amarildo, and Naivaldo.

Campo Grande's players are largely unknown outside of Brazil but, if their club's present progress is maintained in the League (a little doubtful since the fixtures have been kind to them) we may be hearing more of them and some readers may like to make a note of their line-up against Botafogo. It was: Barbosa; Atila, Viana; Guilherme, Dequinha, Darci; Nelsinho, Domingos, Decio Esteves, Adilson Russo and Peniche. Nelsinho got the only goal of the match after half-an-hour's play.

Since that ill-start Botafogo have improved with wins over Bon Sucesso (but only 1-0) and Portuguesa (2-0) but slipped back again to only draw with Olaria (2-2) and Bangu (0-0). Nevertheless it is difficult to believe that they will not be soon climbing the table.

Unless, as often happens in Brazil, the prepared fixture-list is turned upside down and inside out, Botafogo and Flamengo are due to meet on the last day of League matches — and that might be a decisive battle. Meanwhile Flam forge ahead and I can hardly leave their line-up out of this piece about clubs and their players — as distinct from the more frequently featured national lists. In goal is Mauro with Ari the capable reserve; Wanderley (sometimes spelled Vanderlei) and Luiz Carlos the backs; Decio Crespo or Paulo, Carlinhos and Jordan the half-backs; and the fairly settled forward line — Joel, Nelsinho, Henrique, Dida and Jair.

Boca top

In Argentina where, as I wrote last month, the League campaign had been started before the World Cup Tournament in Chile, there have been twelve rounds of matches with, however, as in Brazil, one club "resting" each round. Boca Juniors, joint leaders before the suspension of the League programme, leaders when I reported a month ago, are still in front and, after themselves playing eleven matches, still unbeaten.

But pushing close behind — two points in fact but with a game more played — are the much less-fancied, Rosario Central. River Plate have continued to make up the ground they lost in the early stages and have now displaced Huracan in third place. Racing have got away from the ignominy of sharing

Celebrations Colombian style as Gonzalez is carried shoulder high by an enthusiast after Colombia had drawn 4-4 with Russia in the World Cup. (Planet 1.)

A Czechoslovakian defender gets down to a low header from a Brazilian attack during the World Cup Final in Chile. Brazil retained her title by 3-1 in Santiago. (Planet 1.)

the bottom rung but are still far from impressive.

They have gained four points from their last four matches but only from three of the four lowest-placed clubs, Estudiantes whom they beat, and Quilmes and Chacarita Juniors with both of whom they drew. When in the outstanding fixture of the four, Racing came up against Boca Juniors to lose 3-0.

Huracan are suffering from the two points they dropped to Gimnasia before Chile and a goalless match with Ferro Carril Oeste since the resumption. They followed the FCO match with a 3-0 win over Argentinos Juniors (goals have generally been more common in Argentina than in Brazil) and then faced two hard matches.

The first ended in a draw to make the position Boca seventeen points and Huracan fourteen points as they met. Full reports of the match are not yet available but the score hints at the closeness of the play — Huracan 1, Boca Juniors 2. Boca's next match is against near-bottom Quilmes but in the fourteenth week they have to play River Plate whose 4-0 win over Quilmes took them in front of Huracan.

Rosario Central meanwhile were beating San Lorenzo 3-0 to keep within sight of Boca but they, unlike Boca, Huracan and River Plate, have yet to have their "rest" week. Boca and Rosario in their match, incidentally, drew 0-0.

All in all, however, as the following table indicates, Argentinian fans look set for an interesting and exciting League season that may compensate for their disappointing Chilean experience.

	P	W	D	L	Pts.
Boca Juniors	11	8	3	0	19
Rosario Cen.	12	7	4	1	18
River Plate	11	6	3	2	15
Huracan	11	5	4	2	14
Gimnasia	11	6	2	3	14
Independiente	11	4	5	2	13
Ferro C.O.	11	4	3	4	11
Argentinos J.	11	3	4	4	10
Velez Sars.	11	3	4	4	10
Racing	11	3	3	5	9
San Lorenzo	12	3	3	6	9
Chacarita J.	11	2	4	5	8
Quilmes	11	2	3	6	7
Atlanta	12	2	2	8	6
Estudiantes	11	2	2	7	6

A start has been made in the now eighteen-strong Chilean League that therefore includes new names, some sweet-sounding to European ears, like La Serena, Magallanet, Union San Felipe and Union Calera. The two Universidads — Catolica and Chile — both got off the mark with a victory in their first matches but only by the barest margins. Universidad Catolica 2-1 against San Luis, and Universidad de Chile 3-2 against Santiago Morning.

Chile start

Coco-Colo had to be content with a draw with the newcomers, La Serena, and there was another draw between Green Cross and Everton. But note the contrast between these two draws and the Brazilian ones in which at most two goals were shared.

The La Serena – Coco-Colo result was 3-3, and the Green Cross and Everton result 5-5! Union San Felipe and O'Higgins reduced the overall scoring rate by failing to score in their encounter but the total of goals scored in the nine matches was forty!

News of Paraguay only comes reluctantly to hand with insufficient detail to make any assessment of their standard of much value. Since, however, I have been spot-lighting goal-rates I might mention that two results I did receive recently were Nacional 7, River Plate 1 (the names are the same as the better-known Uruguayan and Argentinian clubs); and Olympia 6, Tamberat 0. With eight matches played by most clubs in the Paraguayan League, those two winners are in front. Nacional with fourteen points and Olympia with thirteen.

Touring

Finally, to reverse one of my favourite topics of commentary — a South American club's tour of Europe, and to look at two recent tours by European clubs in Latin America in both of which the accent was less on prestige matches with leading Latin American clubs, and more on showing off European players in countries like Salvador.

The clubs concerned were Reims and Barcelona and the Spanish club's was the more impressive. They began in Uruguay with a match in Montevideo against Penarol, and continued through Paraguay, Ecuador, Colombia and Salvador, playing eight matches, winning six of them and drawing the other two. With the Barcelona party on tour was the twenty-five-year-old Belgian, Fernand Goyvaerts.

Goyvaerts pleased the Barcelona officials enough for them to complete negotiations for his transfer from F.C. Brugeois after the tour but, as Eric Batty has, I seem to recall, pointed out either in *Soccer Star* or WORLD SOCCER, the Spaniards have decided that it is too much to expect their fans to get their tongues around G-O-Y-V-A-E-R-T-S and he will be more understandably Fernando for the duration of his stay in Spain!

Belgium, incidentally, have never been large exporters of footballers but one of the ten or so who have left Belgium to seek fame elsewhere played a part in a memorable (if sad for English readers) match in South America. He was Joseph Maca and in truth it was as an ordinary citizen and not as a footballer that he emigrated from Belgium to the United States of America soon after the end of the war.

In the States he resumed football-playing, became a naturalised American and was a member (at left-back) of the United States team who beat England 1-0 in their 1950 World Cup match in Belo Horizonte — one of the four or five most sensational results in the history of International football.

But that has nothing to do with Fernando, one-time Goyvaerts, or Barcelona's tour, the full results of which were as follows:

Barcelona 1	Penarol 1 at Montevideo (Uruguay).
Barcelona 2	Libertad 1 at Asuncion (Paraguay).
Barcelona 1	Sporting Barcelona 1 at Guayaquil (Ecuador).
Barcelona 3	Quito Selection 0 at Quito (Ecuador).
Barcelona 3	Millonarios 1 at Bogota (Colombia).
Barcelona 5	Santa Fe 1 at Bogota (Colombia).
Barcelona 2	Nacional Atletico 1 at Medellin (Colombia).
Barcelona 4	FAS 0 at San Salvador (Salvador).

Barcelona's team in the final match, that was a big event for the "natives" and one

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The Hungarian method of coaching is strongly advocated in many quarters. This is not surprising in view of the success it has had. Here Lajos Tichy sweats it out during a match. (Metelmann J.)

A NEW GOLDEN SOCCER AGE

Continued from page 9

and even those that made it and are still with your local club could perhaps have been far better than they are now!

Lastly before switching to another tack — how many times have you heard thirty-year-olds lament "By the time you know how to play football, you're too old for it". Here lies the final proof that we need good coaches, for it is their job to pass on their knowledge, the benefit of their experience, all the 101 little tricks they learned during their own career.

If we can make use of the old player's experience; if we can pass on to the youngsters everything we learned the hard way; fire them with enthusiasm, make them determined to take what we have to offer and then go on to be much better than we ever were, then we will be well on the road to recovery. This is the way back to a new Golden Age for soccer.

Themselves

It's now more than nine years since the fabulous Hungarians came to Wembley to show us their brand of super football that so shattered the proud England XI and left most of the spectators gasping "Well, if this is football, what's the game we play in England?" Puskas, Kocsis, Hidegkuti and Bozsik were so superior to their English counterparts that even Fleet Street so forgot themselves that they produced headlines like "We're ten light years behind".

Of course this was an exaggeration but it is true that we were and still are behind in the matter of coaching.

Here the F.A. started their courses for coaches only in 1947. Before that it was every man, every player, every manager for himself with no one offering to help them find the right way. In Hungary on the other hand coaching has been accepted as an integral part of the game for more than forty years, and to me the two facts go together. Their first coaches came from Britain, dedicated men who roamed all over the continent preaching the gospel of good football, and their first pupils took up the task when they in their turn became too old to play.

While the foreigners forged ahead almost everywhere, we in Britain smugly told ourselves that these islands were the cradle of football, we didn't need coaches. If one of our northern teams needed a replacement for their injured inside-forward all they had to do was call down the nearest pit-shaft and choose from any one of half-a-dozen eager recruits.

That may have been true in the 'thirties (though I doubt it) but it certainly isn't true today. If it is then why did Manchester United fork out such a colossal fee for Denis Law and why is Johnny Haynes getting around £100 a week to play for Fulham? Would Matt Busby really have flown out to Turin and handed over a fortune if he could have found the man he needed simply by taking a sixpenny bus ride?

By now I hope we can agree that we must have coaching on a tremendous scale. Thousands of them, working everywhere to ensure that all who are interested can receive helpful advice, and encouragement and at the same time be shown how to practice and how to play good football. Here Britain has a tremendous advantage over many continental countries for every boy (or nearly every boy) in Britain plays football at school. We already have the sports fields, while in Holland, Italy and Spain there is no such thing as football in school! Believe it or not they just don't cater for soccer at all, and if a boy wants to play he has to find a club that's prepared to take him.

Most important

This, of course, is a tremendous asset, but in Britain we don't take full advantage of it, because we haven't enough qualified men to teach the youngsters. Again some of those that are qualified, are lazy and rather than make their class practice they prefer to let them play — taking the easy way out by standing in the middle clad in a fashionable track suit.

Now don't get the idea that I'm out to criticise everything British and praise everything continental just for the sake of it, but let me tell you of some of the things I've seen in my travels. I'm more fortunate than most, able to roam about watching football at home and abroad, watching professionals and amateurs in training; talking to the coaches, asking why they are following a certain line and later being able to see in matches whether they are achieving their objectives.

Last season I spent one dull morning at the ground of a London professional club watching a practice match between the first and second teams. Beside me on the side-line was the manager, and as the game progressed he began calling out — "You ... idiot" — "Open your ... eyes" — "What's the ... good of that?"

He made no attempt to tell the players what they could have done, but left them to find their own answers, and after about twenty minutes he stomped away, perhaps to have a cup of tea and wonder why the crowds didn't come to watch his team.

Looking about

Now in Budapest I found a very different set-up, at the Ujpest Dozsa club. They, too, were having a practice match and there in the middle was the boss, Geza Kalocsai. For the first few minutes he was silent; pacing up and down with his hands behind his back, and his eager brown eyes darting everywhere. Then suddenly he came to life when one of the full-backs won the ball in a tackle near the half-way line, and then, looking up, picked his spot and hammered a long ball down towards the other goal.

The left-winger went screaming away in pursuit but the goalkeeper was out to take the ball with time to spare.

Kalocsai roared "*Stop* — bring the ball back". Now I don't understand Hungarian

COACHING IS THE KEY FACTOR FOR THE FUTURE

but football is a universal language and you could see very well what he was doing. All the players trooped back to the positions they'd occupied when the full-back let loose, and Kalocsai began to analyse the situation.

He pointed here and there into the spaces; he beckoned the centre-forward to come back looking for a pass, then did the same to the left-winger and then went on to describe how the move could be carried on once the full-back had given his "pass". All right, begin again, and there was the full-back side footing the ball twenty yards to the left-winger who came racing back to meet it.

The opposing full-back, of course, was marking him tight and as he came forward there was a magical space created behind him. The winger stopped the ball, turned and tried to beat his opponent but failed and there was the other full-back shaping up to make his clearance.

Again Kalocsai roared out "Stop" and again he analysed the situation as the winger received the ball, pointing to the space behind the back and suggesting the centre-forward should move out and occupy it, while at the same time the inside-left moved to take a square pass from the winger. The ball and the players moved as Kalocsai directed and with the centre-half chasing the centre-forward out to the side-line the precious space had been created in the centre.

Choice

At once the inside-left tried to carry the ball through the middle and Kalocsai let him go until he was stopped by the left-half and left-back who had raced back to cut him off and again he intervened.

"Go back to where you got the ball," he said, and again he lectured them. Then suddenly he relaxed and said, "Go on, play your own way!" All through the match he went on like this, stopping the game, talking to the players, pointing, pleading, pushing and then letting them go on.

The next day I was back to see more, and this time there was no match. He himself had one group of players while his assistants looked after the others and they were all working on the same themes. Here he re-created the move he had tried to build up in the game, and they went on and on for about thirty minutes on this one move!

Later, he went on to another move involving the three inside-forwards and a wing-half and later still he switched the emphasis from attack to defence trying to get the full-backs to move out to the corner flags when the goalkeeper got the ball so that they could take a thrown pass and build up an attack of their own. On and on he went, talking, pointing, persuading and making them go through the moves time after time.

Later I had a long talk with the boss, and he explained that he didn't simply push his views on to the players but wanted them to think, before they moved the ball, about what they were trying to achieve. Going over it all with me he explained that it was not a fixed move that would be repeated dozens of times in matches but the essence of it all was that for every player there were at least two choices and often more.

The full-back had the choice of passing to the centre-forward or the left-winger and he had to decide for himself which was the better proposition. "Now," he said, "if the back gives the ball to the winger he must come back to meet it or the full-back will beat him to it, and then the winger must make the decision.

"At the same time, the centre-forward is now in the wrong place for while he was right to come back looking for a pass, he didn't get it and he must think again. Seeing the full-back moving up close to the winger he was to make for that space, while the ball went from the winger either to the inside-left or the left-half."

Now it's the turn of the inside-left, for example, to make the decision. What should he do with it? Kalocsai wanted them all to move, seeking the spaces, drawing opponents out of position. Everybody moving, everybody thinking, everyone helping to create spaces and then knowing how to use them!

The inside-left has the ball while the centre-forward is racing out to the left wing, and the answer to the big problem here depends on what the centre-half does. If he follows the centre-forward out to the line he leaves a space that should be exploited by the inside-right who should go through the middle looking for the pass, while the inside-left should be looking for him going and putting the ball there for him. On the other hand if the centre-half stays in the centre the ball should go to the centre-forward, and now the centre-half must leave the centre to challenge him and leave the space anyway. Now the centre-forward must see this space and again it's the inside-right who must move into it to receive the pass.

"We won't practise this particular phase of the game again for some months," said Kalocsai, "there are many others to be developed and many other aspects of the game to be investigated." He didn't want them to repeat anything over and over because in a match a set move could be blocked by opponents who don't react as you expect. His objective was to get the players thinking in the right way, looking for the spaces, knowing how to create them, and then when they were made, understanding how each must play his part in exploiting the favourable attacking situation.

"Football," said Kalocsai, "is like chess, and my job is to help the players understand the game, develop their skill with the ball and bring all their combined abilities into the team effort."

Improving

This is the way that the Hungarians work, and I am delighted to be able to say that these ideas are beginning to take root here in Britain. I would be very pleased if I could say that Tottenham were moving in his direction but I do not know one way or the other for when I asked Mr. Nicholson last season if I could go to watch his players training he talked me out of it, telling me that the Spurs' training was just like any other English team's!

One club that is working in this way is Portsmouth where big George Smith has already achieved wonders. Like Kalocsai, I felt that here was a man who lives and breathes for football, and here in England we can use many more like him. "Football," says Mr. Smith, "is a game of decisions. Every second of the game, each player must decide what he will do and my job is to help him make the right decisions."

This is the way ahead for football. With-

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The three "old boys" of Real Madrid; Puskas (left), Di Stefano and Gento, greet the latest star on the Chamartin scene Mueller, the former Reims star. (Central 1.)

SWEDISH SAGA PART ONE—written by ROGER MACDONALD

A YEAR OF UPS AND DOWNS AGAIN

I.F.K. Göteborg, qualified to enter the European Cup by leading the League from newly-promoted Elfsborg at mid-season, lost 3-0 at home to Feyenoord in the First Round before only 5,000 spectators and then crashed 8-2 away ... further defeats followed in the League Championship eventually won by the consistent Elfsborg ... the captains of all League clubs held a meeting to discuss the founding of a Players' Union and to put pressure on the Swedish F.A. to introduce professionalism.

This proved unavailing but the F.A. did shelve their plan to impose a ban on foreign transfers after protests from the players ... Bengt "Zamora" Nyholm proved outstanding in the Swedish goal and was elected "Footballer of the Year" ... Sweden, without the services of star winger Hamrin, got within ten minutes of booking their passage to Chile when the score stood at 2-2 against Switzerland in Berne, and were the width of a crossbar away from a 2-0 lead in the play-off — but lost both games ... the victory in the Scandinavian Championship with only one defeat in six matches came as a slight consolation ... but George Raynor resigned after the World Cup failure and said he was giving up football.

New team manager Lennart Nyman overcame injuries and foreign transfers to steer his country to a 3-1 win over Czechoslovakia, eventual World Cup finalists ... in the same match Prawitz Oberg scored two goals from left-half and then missed the penalty that would have given him his hat-trick ... another penalty miss underlined Sweden's weakness in front of goal in their 2-0 home defeat by the Soviet Union ... the wheel turned full circle when Elfsborg once again lost their place at the top of the League (this time to Norrköping) and with it their chance to play in the European Cup.

That brief summary of the past year indicates the ups-and-downs of Swedish football, hit by squabbles at home and transfers abroad and struggling vainly against the one insoluble problem — the ageing and decline of many leading players.

Only in an essentially amateur League such as Sweden's could playing careers extend almost indefinitely and club positions fluctuate with such astonishing rapidity. Kalle Svensson, seventy-three times the last line of defence in the Swedish goal, plans a comeback; Gunnar Nordahl scores regularly as player-coach with Second Division Karlstad; Bengt Gustafsson returns in triumph from Italy after five years with Atlanta; the decision of Orvar Bergmark, the thirty-one-year-old full-back with sixty-seven caps, to retire is treated as a national disaster.

Clubs shoot up and down the League like a yo-yo. Djurgarden of Stockholm were Champions in 1959, relegated the following year, Second Division Champions the next, and back in third place in Division One midway through the current season. Elfsborg of Boras won promotion in 1960, and the Championship in 1961; Orebro S.K. move from second place in Division Two to fourth in Division One in a single season. Hogadal of Karlshamn gallantly took second place last year to join those in the premier class, but show no signs of climbing out of the bottom positions.

A season extending from April to October with a short summer break has forced the Swedish F.A., after frequent disagreement between the clubs, to nominate the Spring Leaders of the Championship as European Cup representatives. Inevitably the successful team tries to concentrate on the international competition and loses ground in League matches. Thus Norrköping, I.F.K. Göteborg and I.F.K. Malmö have represented Sweden without holding the Championship, while I.F. Djurgarden and I.F. Elfsborg have won the Championship without the right of representation. The comparative insignificance of the autumn tournament helps to explain many of the fluctuations in the form of the best sides.

Having put the Swedish League in its proper perspective it is now possible to elaborate further on its structure and history. Twelve clubs participate each season, playing home and away matches, the bottom pair suffering relegation to the Second Division. This is divided into four geographical sections, the regional winners competing in a qualifying tournament — rather on the lines of the ancient English "Test Match" system — to decide promotion.

Perspective

The "Championship" began in 1896 in a Sports Meeting at Malmö, but only three teams took part and Orgryte I.S. won nine times in the first twelve years. The first competition on a points basis, inaugurated by Gothenburg's Hugo Levin in 1910 did not prove successful, and it was not until 1925 that the Swedish League became properly established.

By this time, of course, Orgryte's hegemony had been challenged by neighbouring G.A.I.S., A.I.K. and Djurgarden from Stockholm, and the Southern giants Hälsingborg I.F. and Malmö F.F. Only Norrköping, who achieved four successive victories in their great era of 1945 to 1948, and Malmö F.F., who followed them with a hat-trick, have succeeded in dominating the modern competition — which has helped to sustain interest even though the overall standard of football leaves something to be desired.

Orgryte's last victory, way back in 1928, was in fact the closest on record: they won the League title by just .009 of a goal from Hälsingborg, who nevertheless made no mistake about goal average the following season, when they found the net eighty-nine times — beating one club, Eskilstuna, 13-1 on October 21 to establish yet another record. There

Wuthrich (left) and Schneiter (partly hidden by goalpost) are overjoyed as they contrive to score the first of two goals that put Sweden out of the World Cup qualifying stages in Berlin. Swedish goalkeeper Nyholm is powerless to prevent the inevitable. (Planet 1.)

were several high-scoring matches that year, two players — H. Dahl (Landskrona) and Keller (Sleipner) — hitting double hat-tricks.

These efforts equalled the current Swedish record — Keller had also scored six in 1926 matching Kron's feat for Hälsingborg in the previous year — but during World War II Hjertsson (1943) and Gunnar Nordahl (1945) each scored seven goals in a League match. Nordahl continued to score prolifically when he moved to A.C. Milan, hitting the 506th goal of his career in his 506th game; but the record for a Swedish League season is still said to be held by F. Johansson with thirty-nine goals in 1924-25, and the aggregate record by another Johansson (Sven) with 334 goals between 1927 and 1943.

The best championship performance came from Malmö F.F. in 1949-50, when they gained forty-two points out of a possible forty-four. Needless to say they remained unbeaten that year, equalling their own club's record of 1924-25 when they still failed to win the League title. Malmö's away match with Djurgarden in 1949 established an attendance record of 39,023 which stood for several years; however, it was easily beaten at the 1961 Gothenburg "Derby" between Göteborg and Orgryte which attracted 47,000 spectators. In this season over one-and-a-half million people attended First Division League matches — an average of 11,000 per match.

Origins

Having blinded the reader with statistics at great personal risk — I can anticipate indignant letters from at least three different addresses in Malmö if I have made any mistakes — it seems logical to turn to a comfortably obscure subject, the origin of football in Sweden.

The pioneers of soccer in Scandinavia were undoubtedly the British: as early as 1870 members of the Embassy staff, residents and visitors played both codes of football in the parks of Stockholm, and in 1878 comes the earliest record of Swedes participating in the sport — in a friendly match at Gothenburg.

The three ball clubs then in existence, in Stockholm, Visby and Göteborg, agreed on a basic set of rules differing only slightly from the English Association laws in 1880; but it was not until the summer of 1886, when two Englishmen played for and managed a new club at Orebro, that the game took a real hold.

The oldest club is therefore a matter of opinion. The first sports club was founded at Stockholm in the 1870s; the first to play organised football was Orebro; an obscure Gothenburg club took up soccer in 1889; the first to introduce the English laws was Malmö Velocipedklubb's Boldklubb, in 1891. However, it is beyond dispute that Orgryte I.S., established in 1893 by a group of Scots working in the Gothenburg textile mills, really started things moving.

Cup

People often ask me about the Cup Competition in Sweden. This took place from 1941 to 1953, when it lapsed through lack of interest — surprising, when one recalls that the Swedish League was always conducted on a knock-out basis until 1925. But then the absence of regional "giant-killers" — there are no strong teams much further north than Stockholm — and the overwhelming superiority of the established sides accelerated its downfall.

The Cup and League double? This was achieved quite frequently — once by Hälsingborg (1941), twice by Norrköping (1943 and 1945) and three times by Malmö F.F. (1944, 1951 and 1953). The first Cup Competition, quite apart from the League, was established by Count Clarence von Rosen in 1899, when surprisingly Orgryte I.S. did not achieve the double — Gefle Idrottsforening winning three years in succession and keeping the Cup in perpetuity.

Sweden's famous international left-winger Nacka Skoglund prepares to throw in from the touchline—the ball not the towel or the game itself yet! (Metelmann I.)

Afterwards Count von Rosen donated another trophy, to be competed for on the lines of the English F.A. Cup, but this, too, lapsed after the First World War, and it was really the visits of British teams and coaches that changed a flickering interest for football into a burning enthusiasm. Among the pioneers were Bunyan, who had kept goal for Hyde United when they lost 26-0 to Preston in that infamous Cup-tie of 1887, and Jack Carr, the Newcastle United star.

Doubtless Bunyan told the Swedish goalkeepers everything they needed to know about mammoth scores when he organised special training in the summer of 1904 . . . to combat the skill of the Corinthians, then the most formidable club side in the whole world, who were coming to Sweden for the first time.

Corinth

An account of their adventures in Scandinavia appears in *Corbett's Annals of the Corinthian Football Club*, which my Swedish friends found highly amusing last summer. No wonder, with awe-inspiring photographs of Swedish lakes that might have been taken at Bognor, Bangkok or the Black Sea illustrating the tour. We read that:

"The grounds in Sweden . . . are composed entirely of gravel . . . (and) during the winter they are flooded and used as skating rinks. It is naturally somewhat dangerous to fall on, so we provided ourselves with woollen knee-caps. These, though they afforded some protection, did not save our skin entirely, and had we been horses our value would, in many cases, considerably deteriorated after the first game.

"The roads", complains our chronicler, "are exceedingly bad; they are often very narrow and full of deep ruts. . . . We narrowly escaped a serious accident. One of the cars broke down on a hill after just crossing a pontoon bridge and ran for some distance backward. Fortunately the chauffeur succeeded in stopping it before it reached the river, and thus saved the inmates from a watery grave."

Not so fortunate was H. W. Hewitt, who, bathing after a pleasant picnic on the homeward journey, dived by mistake into three feet of water . . . ah, well, those were the days. The matches? The Corinthians played three and won three, scoring thirty-one goals and conceding (think of it!) one. Enough said.

Sweden took a long time to decide who was going to run her football. The first organising body was Gothenburg's Swedish Sports and Athletic Association (Refsforbund), followed by the unofficial Swedish Association of 1902, which incorporated all its rivals in 1906 and was finally reorganised as the Svenska Fotballförbund in 1912. Consequently the first international matches did

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Celtic's Lennox (hooped shirt) duels with Barry (right) the Hearts pivot in the Scottish League Cup match at Parkhead which Celtic won 3-1. (Planet 1.)

GETTING INTO THE EUROPEAN "CUP ACT"

SCOTTISH VIEWPOINT by JOHN STONE

THE convention was once to wait until you were asked. Now it's the case, in Scottish football circles at least, of seeing yourself all right, Jack, or at least of trying to. Without doubt this can safely be described as a "get-into-the-act" age, with half the clubs in the country, once quite happy to play away in the domestic competitions like League, League Cup and Scottish Cup, now cutting each other's throats in an attempt to "go big".

The European Cup was, of course, the start of it all. The Cup Winners' Cup proved a highly-successful follow-up and now it is the Fairs Cities Cup — the target towards which nine clubs in all directed much of their close-season attentions.

It was the same in England, of course; this desire to get in where the cash is.

In England, and with no disrespect intended at all towards England, this was not quite so surprising, for her clubs have always been that bit more go-ahead, even more adventurous in their approach to the changing trends of club-level soccer than the Scots.

To find Scottish League sides engrossed in a similar situation was something new, different but nevertheless satisfying.

Only a few short years ago it was left to Hibs and Rangers to pioneer Scotland's entry into these now-lucrative, but at that time highly-experimental, tournaments.

Hibernian in particular deserve every credit, having been, as they were, one of the founder-clubs in the European Cup, now so firmly established.

When it was learned around 1849 that there was "gold in them thar hills", the West saw a rush the likes of which it had never before experienced. Scotland, in the last few months, has experienced something quite similar.

The European Champions Cup and the Cup Winners' Cup create no problem. Only a country's League Champions and Cup winners can participate in these events. It is the Fairs Cities Cup that has brought problems.

After all, who is to decide which clubs, and from which cities in a country, should be chosen the sides to represent that country against some of the top teams of Europe?

Eventually, Hibernian and Celtic were the pair chosen — but it was not a choice that brought acclaim from all quarters. Some of the other sides who had applied unsuccessfully for entry genuinely believed that they were just as entitled, if not more so, to such a soccer "plum".

EXPERIENCE

Hibernian, admittedly, have had much experience against continental sides, in this particular tournament as well as in the European Cup. Their recent record in Scotland's domestic competitions is, however, far from being a glowing reference.

Celtic, too, are a club with tradition behind them, having won the Scottish Cup oftener than any other side, but like Hibernian their performances of the immediate past — despite the fact that they finished third in the League Championship race last season — are nothing at all out of the ordinary.

Indeed, when one compiles a "consistency" table over the last four seasons of the clubs — with the exception of Dundee United, newcomers to Division I two seasons ago — who clamoured for a Fairs Cities Cup place, the revealing fact is that neither Hibs nor Celtic are really entitled to the honour.

The table reads like this:

1	Rangers	194	points
2	Kilmarnock	176	"
3	Hearts	174	"
4	Dundee	169	"
5	Celtic	154	"
	Motherwell	154	"
7	Third Lanark	135	"
8	Hibernian	134	"
9	Partick Thistle	133	"
10	Dunfermline	131	"

Rangers, of course, being engaged in the Cup Winners' Cup, did not consider entering the Fairs Cities tournament. Kilmarnock and Hearts, second and third most consistent sides in Scotland these last four seasons, did apply — and were rejected.

It is gratifying to note that the six Glasgow clubs, at a recent meeting of their own Football Association, decided to eliminate any bad feeling among clubs in the city by agreeing that Glasgow's representatives — assuming, of course, as is now almost certain, that Scotland continues to be invited to submit two entries — should be the side which wins the Glasgow Cup.

Few fans in Scotland would disagree that Glasgow should provide one of Scotland's two representatives. It is the other place that continues to cause the problem.

OFTEN PLAYED

The two Edinburgh sides, Hearts and Hibs., have made frequent appearances in the Fairs Cities Cup, and the European Cup, too. Hibernian, in their early days in the European Cup, created quite an impression by reaching the semi-final. The last few seasons have brought no great success from either Edinburgh club, however, and others feel that the time is ripe to make way for new faces.

Dunfermline, for example, are confident that their venture into top-grade football in last season's Cup Winners' Cup competition would stand them in good stead were they allowed a crack at the Fairs Cities Cup.

Kilmarnock, runners-up in the first American International Tournament three years ago, and twice runners-up in the League Championship in the last three seasons, are another club willing to take the Fairs Cities Cup plunge.

Neither Kilmarnock nor Dunfermline can be described as a city, of course, but both clubs could guarantee "gates" of at least 20,000, and that, surely, should be the criterion.

Glasgow has been fair in the way they have approached the problem. Is it too much to expect that the remaining clubs can get together in the same way? Surely the club finishing in highest position — except, of course, for Glasgow-based sides — in the championship table should be given the opportunity of that much-sought-after second Fairs Cup place.

That way, even if, by some quirk of fate, Glasgow's five First Division sides were filling the top five positions in the table, it would still give the remaining sides an incentive to go out and fight for sixth-top position.

At present, that is something unheard of.

AROUND THE WORLD STORIES

FRENCH ON STRIKE

FRANCE

NEVER before has the French season started with so many players "on strike". At the opening of the league campaign no fewer than thirty-seven top players had refused to re-sign unless they were given a substantial signing-on fee. The trouble arose because the French Players' Union reached agreement with the clubs that a pension scheme would be introduced in exchange for the scrapping of the annual signing on fees.

The players it seems would rather have cash in advance! While the French bemoan the fact that they have very few top class players, foreign teams appear to disagree with the general opinion. Following the transfer of Reims right-half Lucien Muller to Real Madrid, Torino paid Lens £37,000 for their Algerian centre-forward Ahmed Oudjani to replace Joe Baker.

Armand Penverne (Reims), right-half in the successful 1958 World Cup campaign, is the new boss of Olympique Marseille and one of his first signings is thirty-three-year-old Hector Rial, Argentina-born and formerly with Real Madrid.

Newly promoted Girondins de Bordeaux began well with a clear win away to Nimes but still want to strengthen their side. They have now given up hope of signing Didi, but though they have acquired Morocco's international winger Baba, they are still hoping to engage Mujic from Yugoslavia.

AUSTRIA

Trouble brewing

THE row between national coach Karl Decker and ninety-two times capped Gerhardt Hanappi continues, putting paid to the player's hopes of equalling the world record number of caps (Wright and Svensson 105 each). Hanappi's total is way ahead of any other Austrian — Koller sixty-two and Stotz forty-one are the nearest active challengers and both are real veterans.

Ernst Ocwirk, one of the greats of post-war football, has finally retired. Sixty-two times capped he spent seven years in Italy and returned last season to FK Austria. Outstanding at wing-half and inside-forward his greatest distinction is one that will perhaps stand for all time — he was the last of Europe's attacking centre-halves!

The Austrians have a rule regarding transfers that drastically needs revision. When transferring from one club to another players are automatically suspended for eighteen months, while foreigners can be signed without delay. This, of course, encourages clubs to look to other countries for their players and many are now doing just that. Several coloured players have been imported — quite a novelty in Austria. Among them are Edom and Dobat (Admira Wien), Jacare (FK Austria), Chico (Linz) — from Portugal, Brazil and France.

BELGIUM

Olympic team

THE F.A. has decided not to enter for the 1964 Soccer Olympic series — apparently because the country's amateurs are not up to the necessary standard. Strange because under the rules ninety per cent of the country's players are officially amateurs and though good enough for the World Cup. . . .

Financial problems continue to hamper the progress of the game and while in neighbouring France clubs can obtain grants from local authorities Belgian clubs get nothing. Now they have imported the "socios" idea from Spain — with certain alterations. Several clubs are now offering to register their supporters, giving them membership cards and cheap rate season-tickets. Unlike the Spaniards, however, Belgian socios have no voting powers.

GHANA

Important step

THE recent visit of Real Madrid who met the Black Stars (Ghana's national side) in Accra, was regarded as the most important match ever staged in the country. Preceded by tremendous publicity and fourteen days' intensive preparations which included two public trial matches the Stars drew 3-3 after leading 2-1 at half-time. Ghana clearly is still on the upgrade in football.

The international programme is to be stepped up with more foreign tours and a greater number of international encounters as part of the development programme. In future the local derby against Nigeria will take the form of home and away matches each year instead of the single match as before. The two teams meet this year on December 1 in Accra.

SWITZERLAND

Foreign coaches

MORE and more foreigners are dominating Swiss football particularly in the matter of coaches. Of the fourteen first division clubs, only two have Swiss-born trainers! The others are from France and Germany three each, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Italy, Austria and Algeria one each. Best known Swiss coach is former international full-back Willy Kernen who retired two years ago. He is now with Chaux-de-Fonds.

Champions Servette have signed two foreigners, centre-half Crnkovic (Yugoslavia) and Mekloufi (Algeria), while their biggest rivals, Lausanne, won their fight for Young Boys stopper Schneiter and have also imported Yugoslavia's Rajkov. Hamburg SV's rebel inside-forward Klaus Sturmer is now officially with FC Zurich but wasn't much help in the opening league match for his new club crashed 9-1 to Lausanne!

RUSSIA

Lucky old Donetsk

SCHAHTOR Donetsk (formerly Stalino), have once more won the F.A. Cup, beating Orehovo Zuevo 2-0 in the final. Last season they deserved the honour but this time the general feeling is that they were more than a little fortunate.

Continued overleaf

Uwe Seeler makes tracks for goal in the World Cup qualifying match with Greece in Augsburg. West Germany led 2-0 at half-time and went on to win 2-1. (Keystone 1.)

AROUND THE WORLD STORIES

Continued from previous page

National coach Gavril Katchaline has openly criticised Russian playing standards, claiming their players lagged behind in basic skills and their understanding of modern tactics. This is regarded within the F.A. as unfair criticism and Mr. Katchaline's future has seldom been less secure following the unexpected disappointment in Chile and this outburst.

In the league race champions Dynamo Kiev have slipped in Group I and are now one point behind ZDSA (Moscow), who have twenty-five points. They still have two games in hand, however. Third are Zenith Leningrad with sixteen. In Group B, Torpedo Moscow lead the way together with Dynamo Moscow, while Dynamo Tiflis are a point behind with seventeen.

ITALY

Rocketing up

FOOTBALL in Italy continues to be dominated by Oriundi, Stranieri and Cattenacio. In the last six years transfer fees paid by division one clubs total 544,413 million lire (around £317 million) — enough, say the critics, to put a Sputnik in orbit!

Helenio Herrera is involved in three of his toughest battles: (1) to convince the league that his new Brazilian outside-right Jair Da Costa is of Italian descent; (2) to get the better of his Milano rivals AC Milan; and (3) to win the championship. It's a tough programme but everyone agrees this is his last chance with Internazionale.

Twenty-two years old, Jair presents a problem for he is coloured and Negroes are extremely rare in Italy — doubling the task of proving Italian descent, while AC Milan have an all-star attack lined up to defend the title they won last year — Mora (Italy), Sani (Brazil), Altafini (Brazil), Rivera (Italy), Germano (Brazil). Herrera's attack is just as formidable: Jair (Brazil), Maschio (Argentina), Hitchens (England), Suarez (Spain), Corso (Italy).

HOLLAND

Favourite returns

FAAS Wilkes (thirty-nine), Holland's best ever player, has left Fortuna Geleen for his first club, Xerxes (Rotterdam), who are now in the third division. His return has created a big stir and attracted opening gates of 11,000 and 14,000, which can only be described as incredible.

The customary mid-summer shuffle has been carried out by the top coaches and Austria's Franz Fuchs has landed the plum job with Feijenoord. Blauw Wit (Amsterdam) have engaged Englishman Keith Spurgeon to replace Jack Mansell, who has returned to be the Sheffield Wednesday coach. Last season Spurgeon was with the other Amsterdam club, Ajax.

The services of Leo Horn, Holland's number one referee, continue to be in demand despite his desire to retire. After handling the European Cup Final and running a line in the World Cup Final he was given the tough task of controlling the South American Clubs Final — Santos v. Penarol.

SPAIN

Blacklisted man

FORMER Real Madrid outside-right, Canario, has not returned to Brazil after all. Out of the top class game for two seasons his contract expired but though Flamengo and Palmeiras were both interested he decided to have one more season in Spain. His new club is Sevilla, where he forms a new right wing with ex-Real inside-right, Enrique Mateos. Sevilla have also been concerned in a wrangle over their Paraguayan international, Aguero, who flew to South America for a short holiday, and signed for Argentinian club, Boca Juniors. Now Sevilla have had him blacklisted through F.I.F.A.

Ladislav Kubala, trainer of Barcelona, had a tough decision to make — choosing which of three foreign inside-forwards he wanted for the new campaign — Evaristo (Brazil), new Uruguayan star Silveira, and the Belgian Goyvaerts. Silveira got the final vote, Evaristo has been released and Goyvaerts has signed a three year contract but will play only in friendlies and international matches this season.

Osasuna (Pamplona) are becoming almost a Real Madrid nursery. A year ago they transferred inside-left Felix Ruiz to the Chamartin club and last month released international wing-half Zoco for the same destination.

ARGENTINA

Foreign transfers

FOLLOWING the World Cup flop several important people have advocated sweeping changes but there's little chance that any of the suggestions will be taken up. The stumbling block remains the structure of the F.A., which is ruled by a fifteen-man committee — one representative from each first division club! Thus though transferring their best players to foreign clubs may be criticised the F.A. cannot take effective action for all the clubs have money problems and this is the only sure way of balancing their accounts.

River Plate appeared to be setting a good example by refusing a Fiorentina offer for World Cup centre-forward Pagani — but in fact were merely holding out for a better offer. After several weeks of negotiations he goes to the Italian club for £70,000.

Adolfo Pedernera, Argentinian-born coach who built Colombia's World Cup team, has been appointed coach of Gimnasia y Esgrima (La Plate) and is the favourite for the selector/coach job with the national team.

Real Madrid play an American Selec in the States. Left to right: Pedro Casado, Helmut Bicek, Larry Raduski (9) and Jose Santamaria (5) high in the air. (Keystone 1.)

A happy landing for these Roma footballers, unlike the tragedy that caused the destruction of the Torino team in the Superga air disaster referred to in the article beginning on this page. (Planet 1.)

THE AFTERMATH OF DISASTER

Story by ROGER MACDONALD

WE live in a cruel, harsh world, in which the finest things of life are so often snatched from us in a moment of fearful suddenness and numbing tragedy. Violent death, the cruel companion of war, seems incomprehensible and unreal in time of peace; when it comes to heroes the shock is a deep one, penetrating to the heart of the nation they called their own.

Twice in a decade a team has died: in their homelands of Italy and England the spirit of the game has taken on a pale, unfamiliar form. It is as though a machine, deprived of an essential part, has been running precariously on an inevitable course towards breakdown and destruction. Even today, years after the disasters that befell Talmone Torino and Manchester United, we cannot fully realise how they have caused and accelerated the decline of two of the world's leading football powers, possibly even the decline of football itself.

Superga

On May 14, 1949, a chartered aircraft with twenty-eight persons on board, including eighteen from Talmone Torino F.C., and a number of journalists, flew on a course from Lisbon to Turin. The party was a gay one, for although Torino had lost their international friendly with Benfica 4-3 on the previous day, they were nevertheless Italian Champions for the fifth successive time and the future held out a promise of even better things. But then, as the pilot began his circle of the landing ground at Turin, the plane dipped suddenly, smashing into the tower of the Cathedral on Superga Hill, and all were engulfed in a sheet of flame. . . .

Torino F.C. lay smashed in the wreckage. Eleven Italian internationals — Bacigalupo, Maroso, Castigliano, Grezar, Loik, Mazzola, Menti, Gabetto, Ossola — the French star, Bongiorni, and his compatriot Grava, the Czecho-Hungarian international, Schubert, and Italian National Coach John Livesley, former England and Manchester United player, were among the dead. There were no survivors.

These are the cold facts, digested and forgotten by the world after the first screaming headlines. Only a few people outside Italy did more than offer words of sympathy. The River Plate Club of Argentina, who had numbered Italians amongst its first members, made a three-thousand mile journey to play a match at Turin in aid of the victims' families. Angel Labruna, Di Stefano and Nestor Rossi were among the players received by the Pope at Rome when he heard of their generosity. It was truly a most noble gesture.

Italy and Turin were paralysed by the tragedy. People were crying in the streets all day and the city mourned its dead. Thousands stood in silence, heads bowed, at the State funeral that followed. It was as though they had experienced the darkest eclipse of the sun in the history of the world.

International

Torino was, to all intents and purposes, Italy — as much as Arsenal had been England in the past and Honved were to be Hungary in the future. The loss of international players was one of stunning enormity. No less than ten Turin players — Ballarin, Maroso, Grezar, Rigamonti, Castigliano, Menti, Loik, Gabetto, Mazzola, Ferraris II — had taken part in Italy's narrow victory over a rising Hungarian side in 1947 and seven — Bacigalupo, Ballarin, Grezar, Menti, Loik, Gabetto and Mazzola — played against the renowned England eleven that visited Turin in the following year.

England's 4-0 victory made many people scoff at the critics who called Italy a great team. This was a grave misinterpretation, for the score could have been reversed without the stature of either side being at all affected. Italy might have had three goals in the first six minutes but for clearances off the line and superb saves by Frank Swift; yet in England's first attack Mortensen scored, on the run, under extreme pressure, from the byeline — a fantastic effort — and then gave Lawton a pass which the centre-forward smashed home on the volley with incredible ferocity. In that same half Italy had two goals disallowed, while Gabetto brought a memorable save out of Swift. It was just not their day.

Why was this Italian team so superb, even in defeat? Because they had seven great players fused into a marvellous footballing machine, which had perfected the skills of inter-passing. Their own sensational idiom was short volleying, passing from one player to another in the air, over the heads of defenders, but never close enough to permit challenge or interception.

When the passing angle in two dimensions was closed on the ground, the clipped, top-

Continued on page 22

LESLIE PAGE MAKES A COMPARISON WITH THE 'TIN-CAN' ERA

TIN cans and soccer would not appear, on the surface, to have much in common. Yet the affinity is closer than you might think. And the tin cans I am thinking about are not model T Fords. They are plain, straightforward tin cans that kids used to kick around the streets and make believe they are making the grade at Highbury, or Old Trafford or the Hawthorns. Don't ask me how many of those kids made their mark in the end because I don't know. Not many, probably, and yet those who did, had learnt soccer in the hardest possible school.

They didn't have to be big kids either. If you were small, you had to fight for the can and when the can became a soccer ball the old anxiety to fight for possession never died. It became stronger in fact. Almost an obsession. The bursts of speed to get a boot in first, to move away down the streets when the police hove into sight, to hare for home when the darkness fell and tea grew cold, remained into professionalism until the wet, grey Saturdays came to an end and a club suggested retirement or a move.

Professional football is hardly like this any more in the United Kingdom. Despite the fact that it is possible to pin-point failures in the coaching system and even recruitment to the ranks of soccer, young men no longer find it necessary to confine their early activities to chalked goals on factory walls or being chased out of the streets by angry housewives.

The majority of British star performers worked their way through school sides to schoolboy and youth representative honours, all the while in the hands of a mentor and guide who attempted to weld a team from, in the main, an oddly assorted body of individualists. But right from the start they know clubs are waiting for them to arrive at an age when an approach can be made. Although the population in these islands increases annually, the individual capable of exploiting special skills and talents will always find his services at a premium.

Never mind these days about, Bring 'em Back Alive, the watchword in sporting circles is to, Bring 'em in Young! It is not difficult to imagine the effect upon the youthful mind thrown fairly violently into the world of professionalism. Right from the start it is understood that to progress from the third and "A" sides is but a matter of learning, keeping fit and waiting. Managers, coaches, directors, when they meet, all tell each other they have some good stuff coming along. It is only natural. They are proud and why not?

Inclined

In the tin-can days the way to the top was hard and long. It was necessary to please a lot of people a long time and there had to be a great love for the game. The living was never easy and the knocks occasionally outrageous by today's standards when we are inclined to think the game has never been rougher.

But we did not see the matches on the smoke grimed grounds at the turn of the century and before. Games when there was an extra few shillings in it for the men who could bring victory over some dreaded rival. And shillings mattered then. And the glory, too, playing before the town crowd who believed in their local soccer team before all else, because sometimes there wasn't much else.

Only now are some of these players heroes and personalities, characters and emblems, in retrospect. Players who walked ten miles a week to play for thirty bob. Put out of the game by injury for weeks the silence from their clubs was shattering. Not only has soccer changed, of course, but perhaps it is only possible to understand the present and the future by looking back into the past.

It was unheard of for a man to knock on the door and ask if a young player was interested in signing as a professional. No discussions with parents as to the future prospects, no realisation by the player that he was worth anything more than a place in the side for the next game and if he didn't come up to snuff, out he went when they thought about the side for next week.

There are players in the British game now who know enough about the game's history to understand the position they now occupy. Whilst the talent is spread so very thinly, over so many league clubs, the boys who never found it necessary to kick a can around the streets can write their own contracts so long as they can always show progress and a bag of tricks likely to catch the eye of the spectator.

The tricks do not, of course, only attract the man on the terrace but the scouts (spies some clubs call them) and it is then, as we well know, the trouble starts. The whole propaganda machine goes into action and soccer today has

UNLIKE

the most powerful promotional media working on its behalf since the hectic days of the cinema in the 1930s. There is only one essential difference. The film industry did then, and does now, know the value of publicity and pays something more than lip service to it.

Confused

Once a young player has enjoyed a few good outings his name is used in connection with the top ten clubs or so, where it is known cash is available for substantial transfer fees. He has to be more than an above average or good player to stand up to the glare of the spotlight and continue to justify confidence in his abilities. So very many break on the wheel of fortune, forced into soccer company where they are confused and baffled before they are fully experienced.

I doubt very much if any British soccerman will become a national hero. I stop to wonder if any have *ever* been. Those who do not directly concern themselves with sport might possibly be able to name Matthews, Billy Wright, Danny Blanchflower and perhaps a few more who are still actively connected with the game. They have come to know the names through repetition and not a great deal more. Greaves made an impression on the mind of the outsider and Denis Law may well do so in the future.

For the rest, names are quickly forgotten as they flicker uncertainly in the headlines and on television screens. There is not a manager who

Rescue act by Alex Parker Everton full-back who heads off the line with goalkeeper Gordon West beaten. The shot came from Sheffield Wednesday centre-forward David Layne. (Prov. 1.)

One of Britain's greatest ever footballers, John Charles, has returned to Leeds United after spending several years in Italian soccer with Juventus. He is shown above with his wife and three young boys. The fact that Charles wanted an English education for his children was one of the reasons for his home coming. (P.A.I.)

draws breath, or a board of directors, who do not long for a dominant personality in their side.

That is what Leeds United wanted when they re-signed John Charles and they imagined the public would pay double the price to see Charles for the first few matches in order that they could refill the club coffers. But the Yorkshire spectator disappointed. He wanted Charles, but he was not prepared to pay a 7s. 6d. entrance to the ground to see him.

Leeds directors were angry about this, yet it seemed obvious from the time of the announcement, the average fan would cry off in such circumstances. The Leeds club had a point and so did the spectators. Soccer is still regarded as a cheap form of entertainment and those clubs making ground improvements, in order that the standard of accommodation is uplifted deserve nothing but praise. Those attempting to infuse a team with personalities and soccer ability have to raise the cash by packing the grounds with winning and interesting displays.

Into this cauldron is thrown the up-and-coming player, who to be successful, must master not only the artistry of his own craft but the showmanship which audiences adore from the circus to Parliament.

THE 'GOOD OLD DAYS'

There is no school for learning such things. It is either there or it is not. It was the same with the tin-can men. But the swagger and the stance often made the footballer in those days. He needs a great deal more now. Humility for one thing and the "modern" approach. Certainly an up-to-date attitude towards the game as a whole but, in addition, the ability to appeal to many stratas of society.

When the Brazilians returned to Rio de Janeiro they might well have saved their country from some terrible fate instead of retaining the World Cup. Estimates of the numbers greeting them vary from report to report. One way or another the crowds were of fabulous dimensions. I know England only reached the quarter-finals but I hardly recall a photograph in an evening newspaper. I expect there would have been one or two if we had won! The England side more or less crept back home apologetically.

Filled

I do not imagine the England captain would have given his name to any town to mark a series of famous victories, if the team had been successful. Haynesville would never sound correct. The local council would find itself split from top to bottom over such an affair. Brazil has no such inhibitions. Pau Grande, where Garrincha was born, will shortly be renamed after the man who was born and bred and still lives there, six daughters, bow leg and all.

It could have happened to one or two other members of the side but Garrincha filled the South American eye. He had the humble beginnings, still lives a simple life, declares himself distrustful of tactics. The natural player, in fact. Maybe he played with tin-cans, I have no record of this. It is more than probable.

Should it ever come about that a team builder took it into his head to lure Garrincha from Botafogo and Brazil, surely the Government would float a loan or cut off diplomatic relations.

Occasion

On the other hand, in the United Kingdom where the greatest amount of internal competitive soccer is played, the "personality" must return to the game. Every club hope they have one on their books. A young man who will suddenly capture the public imagination and start the crowds singing on the terraces.

If they are unable to discover these idols amongst native-born players then they are bound to look elsewhere. After last season's game with Spurs, Benfica could tour the top grounds in the U.K. and reduce the crowd marshalls to quivering pulp. Matt Busby and Manchester United realised this and invited them to Old Trafford. They understood the public need as they did when Real Madrid played there.

Real themselves paid another visit to London, this time in the grander setting of Highbury after the brave arrangement Arthur Rowe contracted last April, when his Third Division Crystal Palace entertained them at Selhurst Park.

The way towards placing new personalities before British crowds is not easy. Leading clubs are occasionally successful at that level, but once it becomes a case of competitive soccer the wrangles begin. When we ought to be working more closely with the Continentals for a start, argument over the European Nation's Cup and the Inter-Cities Fairs' Cup is rife. And it is not entirely the fault of the British administration. There must be a little more give and take whilst our League programme is so crowded.

Even so, one can sympathise with the feelings of First Division Birmingham City, one of the first English clubs to realise the impact and appeal of continental visitors. High-handed and short-sighted officialdom ruled them out of the Inter-Cities Fairs Cup this season. As far as I can see, this is no way to encourage the missing thousands back to the terraces. It has been said often enough, after all, that the game is sadly devoid of personalities. Birmingham have gone further than most to stage attractive fixtures which get away from the general run of League games and the like, and yet they are denied the opportunity to parade further characters who are just the sort of opponents the fans demand to see if the home products fail to measure up the high standards of the old-time greats.

Yet if people stopped for one minute to think about the current state of affairs, they might realise that even these colourful continentals learned the game the hard way. Not with tin cans perhaps, but with materials along the same humble lines. Just as the average West Indian learns his cricket in the sunny Caribbean with branches for a bat and an orange instead of the ball, so too do the Spaniards, Brazilians and Italians who have delighted the world with their brilliant individual skills come from a training ground very much akin to the grimy cobbled back streets of a London or Manchester of almost forgotten years — the era, in fact, of the tin can, with its overseas counterpart in equally vivid relief.

THE AFTERMATH OF DISASTER

Story by ROGER MACDONALD

Continued from page 19

spin volley achieved a dramatic breakthrough in the third. Frequently such movements involved a series of players with the ball moving from foot to foot, foot to chest and foot again, while the defenders exhausted their energy in chasing the player who had (and at once did not have) the ball.

The ultimate in skill was revealed in what foreign journalists termed the "staccato-rovesciata" — a series of first-time overhead kicks or airborne volleys culminating in an acrobatic bicycle-kick smash-shot at goal. If executed with success, its effect was psychologically devastating.

Four of the great players who occasionally participated in this movement came from Torino, Bacigalupo, Gabetto, Menti and Mazzola, while Ballarin, Grezar and Loik were only a little less capable. Bacigalupo, a man with superb reflexes and supreme agility, rivalled Swift for the title of best goalkeeper in the world; Gabetto was a fast-moving centre-forward able to hit a return pass into goal with disconcerting accuracy; Menti, a deadly outside-right, combined something of the best of Matthews and Finney without achieving their international reputation. Ballarin, often selected at full-back with his club partner Maroso, boasted of a relentless tackle; Grezar and Loik, right-half and inside-right respectively, proved a marvellous combination in mid-field. And Valentino Mazzola, whom Torino had bought from Venice at bargain price, was the brightest star in the constellation; at thirty years of age he remained a veritable genius at inside-left. His ball control, body swerve, positional sense and flair for creating openings were unsurpassed in Europe. Captain of Italy, his loss was irreparable.

The World Cup, held by Italy since 1934, was close at hand; and Copernico, the team manager, did his best to merge several untried players into a respectable international eleven. It seemed he had succeeded when a home victory over Austria was followed by a draw in Budapest, and then by a sparkling performance at Tottenham. However, despite showing the spectators some delightful constructive football, the Italians failed to score.

Compelled

England's undeserved victory by two goals to nil, though partly due to some brilliant goalkeeping by Bert Williams, could be attributed to their opponents' lack of finishing power and their persistence in using three passes to achieve what could be accomplished in one.

Nevertheless the selectors were delighted with the display at London in November, and this optimism remained until a major snag was discovered. One of Italy's new stars was Rinaldo Martino, an Italo-Argentinian signed by Juventus that year but who was not qualified to play in the World Cup matches; Copernico was compelled to look around for a replacement. In desperation the selectors called upon first Amadei, a centre-forward who had cost Internazionale over £30,000, and then Boniperti, who played for Juventus in the same position. Neither looked happy away from the centre, and an uninspiring win over Belgium was followed by defeat in Vienna by Austria — who had not entered the World Cup (rightly, for once) because her team was considered sub-standard!

Criticised on all sides, Copernico resigned, to be replaced by Aldo Bradelli, an impetuous journalist from Leghorn. He disagreed with the selectors from the start, and soon became involved in a far more serious dispute with the *Commissario Tecnico* (National Team Supervisor), Ferrucio Novo, President of Talmone Torino F.C.

Although the air disaster was fresh in the mind of the President, he realised that a long voyage to South America by sea could only cause the players to lose form and to break their training. He was willing to put personal inclinations aside, but Bradelli and several Italian players were adamant in their refusal to travel by air. All arguments proved unavailing, and the World Cup party sailed from Naples in June, 1950, bound for Sao Paulo. The voyage did little to retain a congenial atmosphere, for by the time Brazil was sighted, Bardelli and Novo had been at each other's throat on a number of occasions. The journalist was relieved of practically all his authority, and took no part in team selection at a time when his advice was most needed.

Novo, although a competent supervisor, had little idea of how to choose a suitable combination of players.

He made two serious errors in selecting a veteran, Aldo Compatelli, at inside-left, while omitting Amadei — the only forward of exceptional ability. It only remains to be said that Italy flopped in Brazil, failing to reach even the Final Pool; a poor display by Sentimenti, who was at fault with two of Sweden's goals, only served to emphasise the inadequacy of the *Azzuri*. The Scandinavians' 3-2 win marked the end of Italy's reign as World Champions: selection blunders had rendered even partial recovery from the Superga disaster almost impossible.

Munich

A European Cup-tie, not a friendly; winter, not summer; Belgrade, not Lisbon; a victory, not a defeat — but another appalling loss of football talent blackened the world's news when Manchester United, returning triumphant from an aggregate victory over Red Star, failed to clear the runway at Munich. . . .

It was the night of February 6, 1958, and seven of Britain's finest footballers — Byrne, Colman, Pegg, Bent, Taylor, Jones, Whelan — were dead. So were the Manchester United secretary, trainer, assistant coach, and the cream of the British journalists — including Frank Swift, who had played in goal for England in the match against that ill-fated Italian eleven back in 1948. Of the

Denis Law ironically spans the two clubs concerned in the story revealed here. He signed for Manchester United at a £115,000 fee (record figure for a British club) from Torino prior to the season's opening. (Central 1.)

Joe Baker, another Torino export, back to his homeland, playing in his first League match for Arsenal (extreme left). He scored on this debut against Leyton Orient. (P.N.I.)

forty-four people on board, twenty-three had survived, including Matt Busby, Duncan Edwards and John Berry — all critically ill — Jackie Blanchflower (a great loss to Ireland), Viollet, Morgans, Scanlon, Wood and Charlton — all suffering from injuries and shock to a greater or lesser degree. It was a bitter February evening, and a bitter blow for British football.

The Munich disaster had none of the finality of Superga. There was a score of survivors, several fighting for their lives; the football season had several months to run; United were committed to three important competitions. The aftermath was a time of high drama, of rejoicing and sorrow. Matt Busby hovered on the brink between life and death yet happily made a full recovery; Duncan Edwards fought for his life until February 21 but lost his last battle — and all England despaired.

The heroes of Munich, Gregg and Foulkes, led a side of reserves to the Cup Final amid a wave of hysteria. Two more Munich survivors, Viollet and Charlton, joined them on the way to Wembley, the latter — who blossomed out into a dangerous forward with a flashing shot — gaining a place in the England team.

Deprived of Byrne, Edwards and Taylor, England nevertheless overwhelmed Scotland 4-0 at Hampden Park, and Charlton scored the third goal with a volley of unbelievable power. Yet it was a hollow victory, and the limitations of the team were revealed against the Portuguese at Wembley, when Charlton's shooting saved England, if not from defeat, then from disgrace. The problem positions were, inevitably, those vacated by the Munich casualties.

There was no one to replace the cultured Roger Byrne at full-back, one of the fastest and most confident defenders in Europe. The value of Taylor, who combined great mobility with the heading power of Lawton and Lofthouse, was only fully appreciated when his position had to be filled. Duncan Edwards, the young giant, was as irreplaceable at twenty-one as Valentino Mazzola had been at thirty. "Big Dunc", as he was affectionately called by friends and fans, had seemed destined to become England's greatest post-war player — perhaps of all time. Already a veteran in terms of experience, he was a superb wing-half and a veritable colossus in the England shirt. A country is only given such a man once in a generation — perhaps once in a century.

Produced

Sometimes the Great Design traces a cruel path and revives unhappy memories. Such was the case when Bobby Charlton, the survivor of Munich, had to return to that same ground in Belgrade where his dead companions had played their last game four months previously.

Little wonder he had a poor match in an oppressive atmosphere which affected the entire England team. The result, a 5-0 defeat, demanded team changes — but why Charlton alone of the forwards should have been singled out remains a mystery to this day. He had scored three goals in three games — what more did the selectors want? Yet after a much-improved display in Moscow, where Robson played at inside-right, England struggled through a succession of low-scoring World Cup-ties to eventual elimination.

They scored only four goals, including one from the penalty spot, in four games — yet retained the same forward line (except when A'Court came in for the injured Finney) until the play-off with Russia. Here Douglas and Robson were replaced on the right flank by Brabrook and Broadbent, with remarkable improvement. During the second half Brabrook missed a sitter, hit both posts and had a goal disallowed in what seemed to be a personal duel with Yachin — but still England lost. If Charlton's shooting had produced one goal in the first three games England would have entered the last eight as a comparatively fresh, unbeaten, and, more important, winning side.

The arguments against his inclusion have been based on the supposition that lack of openings, not just goals, brought about England's downfall. Even if this were true, Charlton had already shown his ability to score goals from negative positions outside the penalty area, and the speed and range of his shot were phenomenal. It is difficult to conclude otherwise than that here, too, miscalculations by the selectors had rendered even partial recovery from an air crash almost impossible. Perhaps the World Cup parties of England and Italy, players *and* officials, were psychologically defeated before they even left home.

The Table of International Results covering the periods before and after the air disasters shows that, to a certain extent at least, Italy and England were the victims of circumstances. Both had enjoyed a run of singular success, England previously playing sixteen internationals without defeat; both had won seven games out of the previous ten; and both had scored twenty-nine goals.

Continued overleaf

ITALY

Previous Ten Internationals

11-11-45	v. **Switzerland** (Zurich)	4-4
1-12-46	v. **Austria** (Milan)	3-2
27- 4-47	v. **Switzerland** (Florence)	5-2
11- 5-47	v. **Hungary** (Turin)	3-2
9-11-47	v. **Austria** (Vienna)	1-5
14-12-47	v. **Czechoslowakia** (Bari)	3-1
4- 4-48	v. **France** (Paris)	3-1
16- 5-48	v. **England** (Turin)	0-4
27- 2-49	v. **Portugal** (Genoa)	4-1
27- 3-49	v. **Spain** (Madrid)	3-1
P 10, W 7, D 1, L 2, For 29, Agst. 23		**75%**

Subsequent Ten Internationals

22- 5-49	v. **Austria** (Florence)	3-1
12- 6-49	v. **Hungary** (Budapest)	1-1
30-11-49	v. **England** (Tottenham)	0-2
5- 3-50	v. **Belgium** (Bologna)	3-1
2- 4-50	v. **Austria** (Vienna)	0-1
26- 6-50	v. **Sweden** (Sao Paulo)	2-3
2- 7-50	v. **Paraguay** (Sao Paulo)	2-0
8- 4-51	v. **Portugal** (Lisbon)	4-1
6- 5-51	v. **Yugoslavia** (Milan)	0-0
3- 6-51	v. **France** (Genoa)	4-1
P 10, W 5, D 2, L 3, For 19, Agst. 11		**60%**

ENGLAND

Previous Ten Internationals

6-10-56	v. **N. Ireland** (Belfast)	1-1
14-11-56	v. **Wales** (London)	3-1
28-11-56	v. **Yugoslavia** (London)	3-0
6- 4-57	v. **Scotland** (London)	2-1
8- 5-57	v. **Eire** (London)	5-1
15- 5-57	v. **Denmark** (Copenhagen)	4-1
19- 5-57	v. **Eire** (Dublin)	1-1
9-10-57	v. **Wales** (Cardiff)	4-0
6-11-57	v. **N. Ireland** (London)	2-3
27-11-57	v. **France** (London)	4-0
P 10, W 7, D 2, L 1, For 29, Agst. 9		**80%**

Subsequent Ten Internationals

19- 4-58	v. **Scotland** (Edinburgh)	4-0
7- 5-58	v. **Portugal** (London)	2-1
11- 5-58	v. **Yugoslavia** (Belgrade)	0-5
18- 5-58	v. **U.S.S.R.** (Moscow)	1-1
8- 6-58	v. **U.S.S.R.** (Gothenburg)	2-2
11- 6-58	v. **Brazil** (Gothenburg)	0-0
15- 6-58	v. **Austria** (Boras)	2-2
17- 6-58	v. **U.S.S.R.** (Gothenburg)	0-1
4-10-58	v. **N. Ireland** (Belfast)	3-3
22-10-58	v. **U.S.S.R.** (London)	5-0
P 10, W 3, D 5, L 2, For 19, Agst. 15		**55%**

Number 11 Bobby Charlton the Manchester United and England outside-left was one of the players to emerge from the Munich ashes to find a brittle fame that he has only recently succeeded in turning to a more permanent acknowledgement. (A.P.I.)

Continued from previous page

The similarity is striking. In the next ten games, the success percentages — 75% Italy, 80% England — dropped to 60% and 55% respectively, and the "goals for" totals to nineteen. Defence now became the keynote, Italy conceding only 1.1 goals per match, while England achieved five draws and a single goal defeat in a sequence of six games.

Superga cost the Italians seven current international players: Munich deprived England of only three. However, these three — Edwards, Taylor and the Manchester United captain, Byrne — were three out of five world class players, with a total of seventy caps between them. They were respectively rated third, fifth and twelfth best player in Europe. When Finney was injured in the rough game against the U.S.S.R. at Gothenburg our quota of world class performers was reduced to one — Billy Wright.

Moreover the reserve for Finney, David Pegg, and for out-of-form Clayton, Eddie Colman, had also been killed at Munich. The ability of the team fielded in Sweden, much less its experience, was scarcely sufficient to win an international, let alone a competition. Italy's misfortune was certainly as great, but no greater.

Italy sailed on a course between youth and Argentinians and frequently landed on the rocks. Puskas writes in "Captain of Hungary" that

"the team had lost the ease of ball control (and) . . . seemed to play without any tactical plan. . . . The difference between the Italian team of 1947 *and* 1953 *was tremendous. . . . As always, Italy possessed good material amongst her younger players, but it seemed as though they had had no opportunity of the coaching and instruction from the older generation of footballers whose . . . experience could have helped them to develop into really first-class players. . . .*

"Unfortunately, of course, many of Italy's greatest football stars were lost in a tragic aeroplane disaster; and I think from the play it was obvious that Italy's new international side lacked the good fortune of our Hungarian eleven, who always had the benefit of quick directions and practical advice during play from our masters of the game."

As for foreign players, of what benefit have they been to Italian football? They fill the key positions in League teams that many young Italians deserve; they fill key places in international sides by "bending" (and sometimes openly flouting) the rules.

Absence

To them, Italy versus England is just another match — and probably one carrying a smaller bonus. No wonder Italy has been a miserable failure in the last three World Championships. John Camkin writes in "World Cup 1958" about Italy's elimination at the hands of Northern Ireland. *"Despite"*, he says, *"the promise of a victory bonus in the region of £500, Italy's play was characterised by a marked lack of fighting spirit. . . . As (Irish) team-work fell completely away to nothing, the match was there for Italy's taking. Yet this team of stars — too many of them perhaps from South America and qualified only by naturalisation papers — failed utterly to rise to the challenge."*

The absence of team spirit, national pride and experienced players has left Italian soccer stereotyped and defence-conscious — for fewer goals are scored per match in the peninsula than in any other country in Europe. Initiative and the very urge to score have been submerged in a swamp of mediocre, negative football. Two years ago Eric Batty recalled in WORLD SOCCER that:

"In November, 1955, *Italian football reached the depths when they went to Budapest for an international match with Hungary. At that time Puskas, Kocsis and Company were universally acknowledged as the masters, and the Italians were desperately anxious to beat them. Realistically they appreciated that this was virtually impossible, so they compromised — by trying to avoid defeat! This is familiar enough in England: negative football it is called; but the Italians went mad.*

"Their team contained the usual, orthodox defence, three backs and two half-backs, but in addition they had another pair of wing-halves in the attack — Montico of Juventus at inside-right and Segato of Fiorentina at outside-left. These two were wing-halves with their clubs and they were played in the international team as wing-halves in order that Kocsis and Puskas could be double marked. For eighty minutes this purely defensive team held out, but fortunately Puskas and Toth managed to score in the last ten minutes, and Hungary won 2-0."

England's post-Munich internationals followed a similar pattern. While no foreign players have been included, a product of Scottish football, Joe Baker (then Hibernian, now Arsenal), and an "export" to Inter-Milan, Gerry Hitchens, have both been used at centre-forward — a trouble-spot since the death of Tommy Taylor.

There is no need to elaborate on the defence-consciousness of the England team — remember recent matches with Wales, Northern Ireland and Bulgaria? The selectors also fell into the trap of fielding a combination of inexperience and youth against Wales and Sweden in 1959. The team included Allen (Stoke City) at left-back, Smith (Birmingham) at centre-half, and the youthful attack of Connelly (Burnley), Greaves (then Chelsea), Clough (Middlesbrough), Charlton (Manchester Utd.) and Holliday (Middlesbrough) — and the result was a draw with an equally experimental Welsh side, and a home defeat by the far more formidable Swedes. In the second match fit-again Haynes was omitted.

Subsequently England reached peak form with a more judicious balance of youth and *experience* during 1960-61, but it proved just a flash in the pan. The departure of Greaves, Baker and Hitchens to Italy disrupted the team, which had been the first to really "click" for about three years. As usual, the main problem was how to "blood" a shadow side in proper matches without squandering the precious few occasions when the first team could play together against serious opposition. It proved an insurmountable difficulty, and Chile became the latest in a long string of disappointments.

(Concluded next month)

" . . . the darkest eclipse of the sun in the history of the world "

NORTHERN IRELAND SOCCER ROUND-UP by COLIN McALPIN

SELECTING HONOURS IS NEVER EASY

ALLOWING for the fact that from the time I began these notes in August and the time you read them in September the season will have been a few weeks old and perhaps one of the early Irish League cups — The Ulster Cup — will have been claimed by a new club — always assuming that it will be a new club which claims it for who can doubt that Linfield will not continue their work where they left off last May?

At any rate with some early cups to be decided and the League proper not beginning till well into the season it can safely be attempted to find, as I did last year, the eventual winner. As I said in last February's WORLD SOCCER it would be a foolish man indeed who would attempt to pick winners before the "race" even started and doubly so when you consider that at the time of writing the season itself had not even started.

In all fairness it must be said that if you take Linfield, Portadown or perhaps at the outside Ballymena United for the League you would not be far wrong. The Irish League is, nevertheless, not so tied up by these clubs that the others have no chance and each passing season sees a vast improvement in at least one other club that one gets the impression (right or wrong) that that club must, in the near future, win the league.

Prospects

This month I should like to go through the twelve senior teams in alphabetical order and that way I will cover them all and — I hope — offend no supporters.

Ards.—As I stated in a recent issue of *Soccer Star*, Ards have lost some of their most recent "stars" to other clubs both in the Irish League and the League of Ireland and, indeed, some even crossed the sea to try for luck with English clubs.

Last season the Down club led the league race for some time and then, towards the end, faltered to fall behind Portadown and Linfield.

Aside from the cups (cups I will not deal with for in all cup competitions anybody could win given the breaks and it often happens that the best teams do not always win cups) I have a feeling that Ards could be doing much the same as last term ... perhaps at one stage leading but in the end content with a top placing.

Bangor.—It must happen some day that this gallant little club win a cup but at the moment, as for the league I doubt their ability to stick out the programme. They certainly try hard as their Irish-Cup run of last season proves. I fear, though, ranged against the might of the Linfields and Portadowns of the league Bangor can do little but offer token battle.

I do not think there is a man in Ulster soccer who does not wish they could win at least one cup — any cup — but again be the truth known I do not think there are any (save 100 per cent Bangor fans) who would give them a chance of the League.

At the top?

Ballymena United.—The mid-Antrim club have been one of the "top" clubs for some seasons past but always just failing when the final reckoning was done. Of late they have had some trouble with players holding out over their wages. Player-manager Geoff Twentyman has, though, got to work in the weeks just before the season and signed some of these reluctant stars back.

Now for prospects. They will start the season with almost the same side which almost lifted the title for the first time in their history and if they nearly did it last time a keen desire to do it this time could succeed. Personally, I think they might just do it.

Coleraine.—Still no lights at Coleraine but things are looking just as bright. In fact, things, I feel, are just the same up north as they were last time. Peacock has a good side, a bit too average for my liking, but with his ability and their eagerness to do the proper thing in regards to the league they could come out fighting.

Cliftonville.—Now what can we say about the dear old Reds? I admit I have a very soft spot for them as I'm sure most other fans have. Last season they finished much the same as usual ... bottom. But there was something in their play last year that showed some little, faint spark of promise. Wistful thinking ... perhaps.

Crusaders.—The "wreckers", the "hatchet men", the "Crues.", the team they most love to hate and the team the kids down the Shore Road think the world of. Their "seasons fame" has come in very brief spells ... one win of the Ulster Cup and one of the County Antrim Shield.

They have appeared in some odd finals but never with success. With their "Mousies", "Bimbos", "Top Hats" and "Choppers" they read like a circus and play like tigers. They do not play dirty (whatever they tell you at Windsor Park and the Oval) they have always been a tough team but that is not dirt. The working man's team, the happy family.... This could be their year ... and then we shall see how all the fans who once laughed at the "Hatchet Men's" football take it.

Derry City.—Still smarting from the League decision not to re-admit their second team to the "B" Division Derry City are in a spot. They have been clinging to league

Continued on page 36

Irish international centre-half Terry Neill of Arsenal was appointed captain of the club this season. In the left of the picture is Peter McParland the Irish international winger of Wolverhampton Wanderers. (P.A.I.)

FORTHCOMING EVENTS . . . . OCTOBER

Racing Club Paris goalkeeper Taillandier makes a spectacular save. He has played for his country on many occasions. (Metelmann 1.)

European Nations Cup matches

INTERNATIONALS

England v. France (Sheffield)	3
Greece v. West Germany (Athens)	
Ireland v. England (Belfast)	6
Turkey v. Rumania (Istanbul)	9
Poland v. Morocco (Warsaw)	10
Rumania v. East Germany (Bucharest)	14
Belgium v. Holland (Brussels)	
Hungary v. Yugoslavia (Budapest)	
Wales v. Scotland (Cardiff)	20
West Germany v. France (Stuttgart)	24
Czechoslovakia v. Poland (Prague)	28
Hungary v. Austria (Budapest)	
Sweden v. Denmark (Stockholm)	

THE 1962-63 international season really gets under way this month and with the European Nations' Cup matches likely to be arranged at short notice there could be even more games than usual. October is one of the few months of the year when the whole of Europe is actively engaged in football, and the fixtures above are a pretty representative programme (writes ERIC BATTY).

England kick off with an official match against France that would presumably have been staged at Wembley were they not in the midst of rebuilding there, and as a result the French will be entertained at Sheffield Wednesday's improved Hillsborough stadium. The last time the two sides met, England were easy winners by 4-0, and if France do as well this time they'll be lucky. All last season they were struggling to turn out a good side, without any success at all, and bearing in mind their limited resources an immediate improvement seems too much to hope for.

During the last two or three years French hopes have rested almost entirely on the Reims inside-forward trio Fontaine, Kopa and Piantoni and all three have been plagued by recurring injuries. Fontaine is now out of the game completely, and the famous "Kopa ankle" has by no means been cured. Even Piantoni, who missed most of last season and came back for the new campaign fully recovered from his cartilage operation, broke down in the early season matches. Apparently fully fit, he played, and after his first match up came his knee!

Now it's up to Kopa to maintain French prestige — perhaps assisted by inside-right Guillas, one of their few young hopes, but whatever happens it should be England (despite all her faults) in a canter. Five or six goals would not be a surprise.

The second leg of this tie has yet to be arranged, and behind the scenes there's been quite a stir created by England's refusal to keep in line with UEFA arrangements. When the draw was made it was laid down that all matches must be played before March 30 — but England want to leave it until May and the French are hopping mad!

After the England match France are due to meet West Germany at the Neckarstadion in Stuttgart and they're not likely to get much joy there either. Sepp Herberger has still not been forgiven for his team's failure in Chile, and he'll be anxious to win well in what is his first home match since the World Cup.

The Hungarians have a double date this month, with Yugoslavia and Austria, and as I see it they'll record a double. The Austrians have been on the slide for some time now, and though the last three matches between the two sides have all been narrow wins for Austria, this I think will end their run. Yugoslavia, too, will probably go down to the Hungarians for the record books show clearly that the Hungarians have always been a jinx to them.

This should be a fine match, perhaps one of the best of the year to be staged in Europe. The only danger is that being neighbours and old rivals there is always the chance of a little needle developing to spoil the game! Gorocs, Solymosi and Albert on one side — Yusufi, Radakovic, Cebinac, Sekularac on the other — it could be a feast!

Poland are another side that will be in action twice, at home to Morocco and away to Czechoslovakia. The Moroccans who did well against Spain in World Cup qualifying matches went down 3-1 to Poland in the spring and after losing in Casablanca there seems to be no reason why they should win in Warsaw. The Poles, however, have to gain consistency though there are clear signs that they are on the upgrade They have several fine players, Zientara, Pohl and Brychczy, to mention just three, but don't find it easy to score goals against the well drilled defences that are now the vogue. Three goals against East Germany and five against Denmark prove they are above the second class countries but they'll have to be at their very best to pierce the strong Czech rearguard in Prague.

It will be interesting to see whether or not the Czechs retain the side that reached the World Cup final or whether they recall the young Dukla forwards Kucera and Adamec. Team manager Rudolf Vytlacil will surely be aware that to keep his present team intact for too long would be foolish, though just how soon he rejuvenates the side remains to be seen. My guess is that the present team will now be given a crack at the European Nations Cup, with perhaps replacements for goalkeeper Schroif and centre-forward Kadraba.

Belgium are another side to show signs of progress last season though like the Poles they too are inconsistent. Their team which is expected to be dominated by the champions Anderlecht should account for Holland at the Heysel Stadium in Brussels, for the Dutchmen are still unable to call upon the experience of the Feijenoord players barred from the national side until April. At the end of last season the Belgians surprised everyone by beating Portugal in Lisbon, and then let themselves down with a bang by losing 2-0 in Poland!

Holland's greatest need of the moment is, however, a really top notch inside-forward. They are far from being unique in this, of course, but in the last five years they've failed to produce even one who looks good enough to take over from the old maestros Faas Wilkes and Abe Lenstra.

NO PUSH-OVER FOR EIRE

The President Cup had to take second place to a European Nations tie writes **TOM MULDOWNEY**

THE President Cup, annual curtain raiser of the Eire soccer season, lost its position of privilege. And gave way to the International against Iceland in the first leg first round European Nations' cup tie.

A game regarded by many as a push-over. With good reason. For a bunch of League of Ireland part-timers proved superior to the Northerners a few seasons back. And a team of full professionals should win with ease. Such was pre-match optimism.

Little Leyton Orient, on the eve of entry into the English First Division, earned admiration and respect from Irishmen by releasing manager Jackie Carey. With him came the entire Eire eleven, some days ahead of the Icelandic party. Had they arrived together, the men from the north might have been puzzled to learn that even at home the Irish team are playing away.

Despite the Austrian defeat at the end of last term the selectors turned out an almost unchanged team. Sunderland's Ambrose Fogarty was recalled to the exclusion of Dermot Curtis, the Ipswich Town utility man. The team when announced provoked no criticism. But whether this was because it was acceptable or because the public had no interest is a moot point. The poor attendance supports the latter viewpoint.

CUT-PRICE

Twenty thousand spectators, less than half ground capacity, watched this cut-price game. Popular prices were down from four to three shillings. Those present saw Eire's exiles outplay the all but one amateur opposition. Exception was inside-forward Beck, who plays for St. Mirren in the Scottish League. Story is that he refused payment and played as an unpaid professional.

With three-quarters of the play and enough chances to win the game twice over the Irish failed miserably. Forward finish was so poor that it was hard to believe that these men earn their living playing football. To add insult to injury, slip shod work by Charlie Hurley, of all people, and a missed penalty from Noel Cantwell kept the scoreline down to 4-2. The second leg will be played before this appears but one wonders at this stage if the two goal lead will see Eire through to round two.

Cantwell continues to make a success of the centre-forward berth. Even though he often looks like a bull in a china shop. He missed many chances, apart from the penalty, but he is finding the net more often than many of his predecessor's. Eventually, though, the selectors will have to seek a more orthodox leader. Here Eric Barber, Shelbourne's young Number nine must be considered. One of the few home forwards with the ability to hold a front line together. He should get a chance in exalted company.

Newcastle United's Liam Tuohy ran the left wing in style and headed Eire into the lead with a magnificent goal. It's hard to understand how this fine player was left on the sideline sitting for so long. His direct play is a refreshing change from the fiddling antics of those before him.

The opening of the domestic front was clouded by news of another players' strike threat. Players Union served notice on Drumcondra and St. Patrick in support of a claim for payment for extra matches. Ironically, the other seven clubs who agreed to terms will be affected if the strike takes place.

The silent service is a well-known Irish TV series and its title applied to the opening games of the Casey Cup. Latest of the many trophies to be introduced. Seldom did a new season evoke so little interest. The opening series coincided with the gaelic championship semi-final. And many soccer-men were among the 50,000 at Croke Park while soccer grounds were almost deserted. Could this be the public's answer to the reduction of teams from twelve to ten. Early days yet. We must wait and see.

Cork Hibernians supplied what little there was to enthuse over. They departed from their ancient Mardyke home beautiful to Flower Lodge. A first class ground that lacks only cover accommodation to make it one of the best there is. English cup medal winners with the same club, Stan Matthews and Ewan Fenton, had high praise for the playing surface. Stan said it was as good as the Wembley sod. High praise from one who should know.

League legislators Matt Nevin and Ted Dowling travelled south for the opening fixture and Lord Mayor Casey was also there to greet the teams. Unfortunately rain and the already mentioned lack of cover kept the crowd away. And Hibs expected £500 gate was one of approximately £150. To make matters worse Limerick, led by idol Ewan Fenton, inflicted defeat on the Corkmen, who fielded Tommy Hamilton, the ex-Shamrock Rover International and Personality prizewinner of last season. Not a good start for Manager Moroney's ambitious charges. But when they find their feet in new surroundings they could be a force.

NO PROBLEMS

Shelbourne, team with most to gain in the new campaign, went into training while others were sorting out team problems. No such problems at Ringsend. Last year's championship winning eleven were re-signed *en bloc*. Pointer to happy days with the once strife-torn reds. And their teenage policy continues. On the wage queue this term is Coleman and Murray, two more in the long line of talented youngsters produced by Coach Gerry Doyle, whose home grown plan is strangely foreign to a club who, pre-war, spent a fortune on imports. And down the drain at that. For success-starved Shelbourne never had it so good.

With the exception of Shamrock Rovers, no club is better equipped than Shelbourne as they make ready to receive Sporting Club, Portugal in their first entry into the European Cup. A red letter fixture in the history of Eire's oldest club.

One of Eire's successes against Iceland in the European Nations Cup tie was Liam Tuohy of Newcastle United. Here he is grounded after a collision. (Central 2.)

ODD MONOPOLY FOR NORWEGIANS

EUROPEAN COMMENTARY by GORDON JEFFERY

AS I begin this month's Commentary, the new League seasons are just commencing, or are about to commence, in most of the countries of Western Europe. So this is my last opportunity, before topical copy in abundance screams out for attention, to look back at two or three less-spotlighted aspects of the game in Europe in the summer months.

Norway does not get so much attention in the normal way of things as the major football nations but, since she has more or less a monopoly of League football in Europe during July and early August, this seems the time to note how things have been shaping in their 1962 Championship campaign.

The best known of the Norwegian club sides outside of Norway must be Fredrikstad — the national Champions in 1949, 1951, 1952, 1954, 1957, 1960 and 1961 — and, for the 1960-61 Competition, Norway's first representative in the European Champions Cup when they surprised the Netherlands club, Ajax of Amsterdam, by beating them 4-3 and drawing 0-0, to reach the Second Round and what seemed on paper an easier match against Aarhus (Denmark). In fact the Danish club won both matches.

Fredrikstad fell at the first hurdle last season — against Standard Liege but only by 2-0 and 2-1 to a team that went on to reach the semi-finals, beating Glasgow Rangers in the quarter-finals. This year the draw has not been kind to the Norwegian club with Vasas (Hungary) their first round opponents. Meanwhile Fredrikstad have been making the running to land their third League Championship in successive years — but not without a strong challenge from a lesser-known club, Brann, who have indeed at the time of writing just pushed their nose in front.

Sixteen clubs make up the Norwegian First Division and each club therefore plays thirty matches. Twenty-four of these have been played and it was in the last week that Brann got in front with the top six places reading:

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
Bran	24	16	4	4	71	37	36
Fredrikstad	24	15	5	4	64	31	35
Lyn	24	14	5	5	74	47	33
Frigg	24	13	7	4	47	32	33
Steinkjer	24	15	2	7	63	37	32
Viking	24	12	6	6	42	39	30

Of the six, Viking, a Stavanger club, is the only one apart from Fredrikstad to have won a post-war championship.

The only club to rival Fredrikstad in respect of the number of championships won is Larvik Turn who have headed the final League tables on three occasions in the last ten years. Sadly at the moment they seem stuck fast on the bottom with only nine points from their twenty-four matches and an away record that reads played eleven, lost ten and drawn one! Incidentally, those who accept that it is goals the fans like to see — and probably the players too, may have noted that two of the top three clubs have been averaging around three goals a match.

Breakthrough

Brann's breakthrough came in the twenty-fourth week-end of League matches when, on the Saturday, they won their home game in Bergen against Steinkjer — two points behind them at the time and also championship aspirants. Fifteen thousand spectators watched the game and saw a goalless first half.

Then the visitors went ahead through Jan Fornes. But not for long — playing strongly for Brann at left-half, as he has been doing for the Norwegian national side throughout the year, was Trygve Andersen and soon after Steinkjer's opening goal, it was Andersen who, in the true tradition of wing-halves, stormed through and from twenty yards hammered the ball into Steinkjer's net for the equaliser.

Brann's tails were up. Odd Oppedahl links with Trygve Andersen to make up a formidable wing-half pairing and in front of them are effective forwards, both Internationals, like Rolf Birger Pedersen and the most promising of Norway's young players, Roald Jansen.

The shrewd passes of these two, plus the finishing power of Roald Paulsen and Arild Hetleoen, brought three more goals for Brann and a comfortable 4-1 victory that took them to the top of the table. But for how long their fans wondered? On the morrow Fredrikstad were due at Stavanger to play Viking.

Fredrikstad had Hans Jacob Mathisen at centre-half in place of Reidar Kristiansen and a team that still contains a considerable nucleus of Norway's national players. Roar Johnansen, Bjorn Borgen (now that Thorbjorn Svenssen and Arne Bakker have departed from the International scene, he is probably Norway's most experienced player), Arne Pedersen and Per Kristoffersen amongst them. Viking have fewer "stars" but they have the national 'keeper in possession — Sverre Andersen, and Olav Nilsen, the young player who has netted five goals in Norway's last two International matches against Malta and Iceland.

Both these were in good form against Fredrikstad in a match watched by nearly ten thousand spectators. This, and the fifteen thousand at Bergen, is a good attendance for the provinces in sparsely populated Norway — and needs to be noted in comparison with the nine hundred faithfuls who turned up to watch unhappy Larvik Turn's match that

Prior to a Belgium-Switzerland international the captains exchange pennants. Left Jurion (Belgium) and Ballaman (right) with Austrian referee Mr Seipelt in the centre. (O.)

Another Russian space flight in is infancy? Oh no, just some soccer acrobatics from right-winger Slava Metreveli in a match with the Argentine national team in Moscow. (Planet 1.)

week-end (and were rewarded by seeing their team gain an unexpected 3-1 win over Rosenborg, the club of Norway's current national centre-forward, John Krogh).

In the Stavanger match, as at Bergen, it was the visitors who took the lead first when Per Kristoffersen put Fredrikstad one-up. Arne Johannessen got the equaliser and Viking went on to win 3-2, to leave Fredrikstad a point behind Brann and to give themselves an outside chance of the championship.

The two Oslo clubs, Lynn and Frigg, cannot be overlooked, of course, although at the moment their fans, and those of the other Oslo clubs, Skeid and VIF, are looking forward to the end of August match between an Oslo XI and Benfica perhaps with more anticipation than the end-of-season League matches. But a couple of slips by Brann and Fredrikstad would change that.

More likely

What seems more likely, however, is that the two leaders at the moment will still be in front with no more than a couple of points between them on September 30 when they meet each other at Bergen in what promises to be the most exciting match the locals have seen — and the result could mean a new venue for one or other of the "big boys" of European club soccer in next year's European Cup.

Looking back over my last sentence I see that I have slipped back into the familiar wording — the European Cup. It is difficult to always remember to differentiate nowadays between the European Nations, Champions and Cup-winners Cup! The latter started somewhat hesitantly but two competitions, even if last year's is still unfinished at the time of writing — after Atletico Madrid and Fiorentina's draw at Hampden Park in the Final last May, have changed that and clubs like Glasgow Rangers, Tottenham Hotspur, Ujpest and Seville in this year's competition will be regarding their participation not only as serious business in its own right, but as useful experience for future forays in the Champions Cup.

Not that all four were their national Cup-winners — Seville, as Leicester City in last year's competition, qualify as the beaten Cup-finalists because the national Cup-winners were also the League champions and, as such, entering for the European Champions Cup. In Spain the national champions were Real Madrid — an occurrence that could have surprised nobody.

The time when Real could fairly confidently expect to retain the European Champions Cup and gain automatic entry to the following year's competition has passed. Thus once they had been knocked-out of the European Champions Cup for the 1960-61 season, Real were in no mood to let Barcelona continue their two-year monopoly of the Spanish Championship.

Real were, of course, somewhat fortunate in that Barcelona removed them fairly early in the competition — in the Second Round. Had they lost in the semi-final or the final, who knows but that Barcelona, or some other Spanish club, may not have by then reached an unassailable position in the Spanish championship and the 1961-62 Cup been competed for without Real? Instead of which, of course, it was Barcelona the beaten finalist to Benfica who were absent. . . .

But that is by the way. Real were not disposed to assume a victory in last year's competition and, prudently as it turned out, made certain of having a further attempt to regain the European Champions Cup by decisively winning the Spanish championship. And that, I repeat, was no surprise. That, on the other hand, they also won the Spanish Cup was a surprise!

One has to go back to 1947 to find a Real victory in the Spanish Cup Final. Then they beat Espanol 2-0 — and after that it was not until 1958 that they again reached the Final. In the same period Barcelona won the Cup five times and Atletico Bilbao four times — capital pride that it was Atletico Madrid and not a "provincial" club that beat them in 1960 and 1961 may have tempered a little Real's disappointment after the twelve years the Cup had been away from Madrid.

Curiously in the earliest years of the Spanish Cup it was Real Madrid who were emphatically the outstanding Cup club. They were beaten in the Final in its second year of existence (1903) by Atletico Bilbao — who, with twenty, are the Spanish Cup champions — by three goals to two, but then Real won the Cup in four successive years from 1905-08.

Existence

After that it became for many years virtually a Basque-Catalan monopoly between Bilbao and Barcelona (they have won the Cup fourteen times) and Real did not reappear in the Final until 1929 — only to lose as they did again the following year and in 1933. In 1934 and 1936 they did again win the Cup before Madrid became a battleground and Spain bled. . . .

In this year's Final, Real's opponents were Sevilla who had little Cup tradition to encourage them.

After a goal-less first half, inside-left Dieguez put Sevilla into the lead early in the second period but Puskas from a penalty after thirty-one minutes equalised and then in the closing seconds of the match, Gento made a characteristic run that strung out the Sevilla defence — just as they had felt the ninety minutes at an end! — crossed to outside-right Tejada; a flick from Tejada to the lethal feet of Puskas and, with fifteen seconds to go, the one-time galloping major had won the Cup for Real.

Sevilla's consolation is their place in the European Cup-winners Cup.

Failed

As Real Madrid monopolised the early years of the Champions Cup in Europe, the Italian club, Fiorentina, have likewise the Cup-Winners Cup. They won the first by beating Glasgow Rangers and by the time these words appear in print we shall know whether they have retained the Cup by beating Atletico Madrid in the replayed final in Frankfurt. If not, Fiorentina will probably be missing from this year's Competition (the exemption of last year's *finalists* or of the ultimate winner is a little obscure at the moment), since they failed to win the Italian Cup.

Their success so far in the European contest seems to have engendered a much greater interest in the Italian Cup although this year this was a little obscured by the World Cup trip of the national party, that came before the final matches had been played. After Chile, however, the stars rejoined their clubs and Naples beat Spal 2-1 in the Final and Mantova unexpectedly beat Juventus 1-0 in the match to decide third and fourth place.

The Real Madrid and Sevilla line-ups in the Spanish Final incidentally were as follows:

Real: Araquistain; Marquitos, Miera; Isidro, Santamaria, Pachin; Tejada, Del Sol, Di Stefano, Puskas and Gento.

Sevilla: Mut; Juan Manuel, Luque; Ruiz-Sosa, Campanal, Achucarro; Mateos, Moya, Arieta, Dieguez and Aguero.

Cup competitions are becoming an embarrassment in this area

SURFEIT OF CUPS IN SOUTH AFRICA

NORMAN D. REICH reports

THE minnows of South Africa's National Football League are unhappy with the state of affairs whereby First Division clubs have half-a-dozen trophies and cash prizes to go out after, while the Alitalia Cup is a solitary one for their exclusive competition. Local press reports have revealed discontent among the lower division clubs that is at present under-surface, but it could gain momentum if a happy medium is not reached.

The more conservative of South African observers are beginning to question the need for the many cups at all — why not stick to a league championship and a money-spinning knock-out competition, both of which would be made really worthwhile winning. They, too, have a point.

Where do the National League officials call a halt? It seems that if they let matters proceed as they have done over the past few months, things may get out of hand. Cups are awarded for almost every match on the Continent and if the dignity of the National League is to be retained they must draw a line somewhere soon.

Commercialisation is to be applauded when it gives the game a super boost, such as the impetus given by the nation's Castle Cup — the knock-out competition sponsored by a leading brewery. This company has done a great deal for South African sport — only a few months ago they donated trophies and cheques to non-European professional football administrators.

The Castle Cup is undoubtedly a success beyond all early hopes. When it was mooted in 1959, a mere eighteen names into the first round hat. Today, just three finals later, the competition embraces teams from all corners of the country in a pulsating tournament that produces "F.A. Cup"-style thrills round after round. There is little doubt that the sponsors are justified in adding to the cash prize each year. This tourney is now a solid foundation stone in the Republic's soccer, open to any team in the country on the lines of its English counterpart. How much better it would be to increase the rewards even further by channelling the many petty awards made by leading commercial houses into its final prize.

After all, the Castle Cup is open to all, and the eventual winners are not the sole benefiters financially; there are numerous subsidiary prizes for those that fall along the way.

Some of the earlier sponsored competitions have proved to be about as successful as the Castle Cup. Take the Dugson Neatness Award. Presented by a clothing manufacturer, this prize was given to clean up players' dress on the field of play. Whereas, before it came into force, slovenly dress was not unusual — dirty laces, mud-laden boots or torn jerseys not out of place — today each First Division side takes the field spic and span.

Each side is given ten points per game for the season. From those points, deductions are made for any departure from general neatness. The players are inspected by the referee before trotting down the tunnel. Durban City spent a "fortune" on their turn-out last season and maintained a remarkable record — they went through the entire campaign without dropping a single mark and ended up with a 100 per cent return.

This performance goes a long way to show the tremendously high standards that are being set. City's efforts were rewarded with a set of fitted suits in club colours with badges on the blazer pockets for wear to and from matches. They hope now to be dubbed the "smartest team off the field" as well as on.

Yet, this excellent competition is still only open to the top flight. Second and Third Division clubs don't come into line for the award — a great pity, for if it has the same effect on them as it had on the giants, it would soon eliminate the sagging stockings and stained shorts that are still seen in the lower levels. After all, they are professionals, and must learn to dress as entertainers to the public who are meeting their salaries.

Entertainers

Such is the interest of this competition, that a few other countries could well follow suit. Even in Britain, competition among the clubs for a Neatness Title would not be out of place.

The obvious follow-up to Clean Dress was Clean Play. This addition to the array of silverware was dubbed the Dean's Clean Play Cup. Points are given to those who are especially mentioned in the referee's report. Minus-marks are noted for misconduct and marching orders. Again, this trophy and cash prize can only be won by a First Division club.

It seems as though it is with this Clean Play Cup that these "side-show" competitions really began to get out of hand. Surely, as professional entertainers, banking on continual support from the public, clubs need to realise that dirty play would possibly win them a match in a dozen, but it would soon lose thousands of watchers to neighbours in the process.

Nevertheless, the National League's attitude was understandable — they wanted rough play stamped out immediately, rather than allow it to die a death they could not be sure would come soon enough. They therefore accepted the imposing silver cup and are running the competition in conjunction with their referees.

However, within weeks, another commercial firm stepped in with an offer — this time even overstepping the mark of the N.F.L. A prize was to be offered to the First Division's leading marksman. The N.F.L. rightly clamped down with an emphatic "no". They even passed a resolution at a Management Committee meeting forbidding any player under N.F.L. jurisdiction to accept such a prize. Clearly, the N.F.L. realised that such an award would lead to a certain amount of

The F.A. touring team met a local side during their tour of South Africa some years ago. The local goalkeeper clears an attack. (Rhokana Review.)

Egypt defeated Ghana 2-1 in an Olympic qualifying match in Cairo for the 1960 series. Exchanging pennants are the two rival captains. (O.)

selfishness among the players. But the sponsor was not prepared to let the matter lie.

He came up with the perfectly legitimate aim of his offer — an extremely generous one — "to improve the League's shooting at goal". True, the League's marksmanship is not up to English or Brazilian level, but the whole aim of the game of soccer is scoring goals. The rewards for good shooting are league titles and cup triumphs — not a trophy and cash return to the man who finds the net most frequently. After a few days of dispute, the League finally came to terms with the sponsor and the cup was on offer. The whole team boasting the top sharpshooter would share the prize.

Boasting

What of the Second and Third Division clubs? Just as in Britain, there are several who are unlikely to ever make the First Division grade because of limited support — others will take a long time moving up. They should have equal chances of pulling in prizes to help make ends meet. They all go into the Castle Cup, but how many of them can hope to win the top prize — even the Alitalia Cup — a "minor league's" competition is only worth a comparatively small amount to the winners. How much better it would have been to give the trophy and cheque, set aside for the sharpest shooter, to a Third Division club winning the championship.

The N.F.L. are thinking of forming further leagues in the Cape — a Cape Western and Cape Eastern Second Division. First they must make existing leagues more attractive. They should go about it in the same manner that has achieved such tremendous success for the premier division. In the lower spheres, attendances could be raised to new highs if a few of the gimmicks enjoyed by First Division clubs are applied.

A big prize and shield to the champions of each division would be welcomed. At the moment, the two Second Division winners receive small reward for a successful campaign. They are included in the U.T.C. Bowl end-of-season Floodlight Cup knock-out tournament. Here, a good run brings a large return, but the Second Division boys usually go down in a "sudden death" against the big guns.

Now, there is even talk of a play-off between the two Second Division champions for promotion. That is hardly the way to inspire the best from a team.

It seems that the answer may be as suggested earlier, channel all sponsored offers into the Castle Cup and lower division championships. Increase the prizes of the Neatness Award but stop all these petty titles. With bigger prizes to be won on results only, play will steadily improve and the dream the National League began so dramatically and so well nearly four years ago will blossom into reality.

It seems, then, that now is the time for the League to draw the line — and also to give those small clubs a break!

The problem of cup competitions becoming something of a nuisance in some respects, is one not solely affecting South Africa. But whereas in most other parts of the world, the crisis has only come about after many years, the rapid development of soccer in South Africa has accelerated this process accordingly. Problems of these and other kinds will eventually be resolved, of course, in the growth of the game in one of the fastest developing areas in the world for soccer.

Black Stars night out against Real Madrid!

By NORMAN D. REICH

IN a brilliant night of glory, Ghana scribed another chapter of triumph into her record book. On August 22, ex-World Club Champions and five times winners of the European Cup — Real Madrid — crossed swords with Ghana's national squad, the Black Stars. The Accra crowd saw one of the finest displays yet by the steadily improving locals.

The Soccer Señors of Spain clipped in two quick goals and looked booked for a big win. But the Ghanaians were far from finished. The capacity crowd got to its feet and roared — and how their favourites responded! A goal shortly before the interval put them back in the running, but right after the interval Real pushed further into the lead.

Then the Black Stars took control and netted twice in quick succession to make the final score 3-3. Real Madrid, with all her stars — Puskas, Di Stefano and Gento — were given a gruelling time in those ninety minutes and they would be the first to admit that Africa is no longer what it used to be — the old dark continent is cutting its handicap steadily and will soon be on par with several of the long established soccer "powers".

Benfica — present European Cup holders — played a match in Cairo recently and received a cheque for more than £10,000 as payment.

Ethiopia — Africa Cup holders — are to make their promised tour of Europe (see WORLD SOCCER, August 1962). They are to play six matches all of which will be against national teams in contrast to their first European trip when they mostly met club combinations.

The games are:

September 19—v. Yugoslavia in Belgrade
September 24—v. Greece or Rumania in Athens or Bucharest
September 30—v. France "B" in Paris
October 6—v. Israel in Tel Aviv
October 10—v. Turkey in Ankara
October 14—v. Turkey in Ankara

The touring party will consist of twenty-two or twenty-three persons, including seventeen players, an International referee, two trainers and, if possible, a masseur as well.

They will assemble in Addis Ababa and from there fly to coastal Asmara for training and practise matches before departing for Europe.

Encounter

Ethiopia certainly has not shied clear of top rank opposition on her tour. Yugoslavia reached the semi-finals in Chile and are reported to be in winning form. The encounter in Belgrade — then — will serve as a useful assessment of the tourists' strength. A draw or a narrow defeat would start them off on the right foot.

It has not yet been decided whether the second match will be against Rumania or Greece. Both are attractive, well established squads who have been on a steady upgrade in recent years.

PLAYER PORTRAIT: DRAGOSLAV SEKULARAC (Red Star Belgrade & Yugoslavia)

EUROPE'S LEADING FORWARD?

DURING the last thirty years, Yugoslav football has produced many outstanding inside-forwards. Mitic, Bobek and Vukas are three of the greatest names and all world class performers but if contemporary thought can be accepted as a reliable guide, Dragoslav Sekularac will prove to be the greatest of them all (writes ERIC BATTY).

At a time when highly skilled stars are becoming increasingly rare, it is inevitable that Sekularac should attract international attention. Before the World Cup the Yugoslav F.A. had been approached many times by clubs in Italy, France and Spain that would have given large sums of money to have been able to print his name on their teamsheet, but to date all have been refused.

After the series in Chile, these big bids multiplied five-fold, including offers from CF Barcelona and several top Italian clubs. Juventus were even prepared to give a new world record transfer fee for him, but while his club Red Star, Belgrade, would hardly be able to refuse such a bid, the Yugoslav F.A. have never even considered it seriously!

Their team in Chile which reached the semi-final and were considered by many to be more than a little unfortunate to be beaten by Czechoslovakia for a place in the final averaged only a little more than twenty-one years. Kept together they must have a fine chance of success in four years' time, and to this end the Yugoslavs have so far remained adamant.

Young enough

Still only twenty-four years old, Sekularac was born in Belgrade on November 10, 1937. Short, dark and stocky, he looks more oriental than European and despite the almost arrogant way he struts around a football pitch he has built up a following that could only be matched in Western Europe by the singers of popular songs designed for teenagers.

Off the field, Sekki studies meteorology at Belgrade University though he confesses that his eagerness to pass his periodic examinations stems more from the fear of twelve months' Army service that failure would bring than any interest in his studies. He lives well enough on a student's grant plus his income from football as a part-time professional but is still tempted by the money that could be earned in Italy.

Though he would like the publicity and certainly the money that could be earned in Italy, it is doubtful if he would be happy playing in such a tense atmosphere as that which hangs over Italian football, for Sekularac is an artist seeking only to express his feeling for the game as an art and not much caring whether his team wins or loses! Without doubt he likes best the free and easy friendly matches in which he can dominate not only his opponents but his team-mates as well!

Reluctance

At nine years of age Sekularac was playing with the boys' team of Crvena Zvezda (Red Star) and lacking none of the skills of the game even in those days, he was often in trouble with the club's coaches, and once came close to being thrown out of the club because of his reluctance to let anyone else have the ball. Fortunately for him and for Yugoslavia generally, Red Star persevered, and while he was still reluctant to pass the ball to a team-mate when he was twenty he has slowly matured during the last four years.

In Chile, Sekularac came of age and two brilliant performances against Russia and Uruguay clearly showed that when disciplined and controlled his tremendous talents could prove to be one of the most devastating factors in the European game. Sekularac also learned a hard personal lesson during the World Cup for in the past he has not been eager to train seriously, preferring to concentrate on his already outstanding abilities with the ball and only in the three games a week World Cup programme did he realise that he wasn't fit enough to make the best use of his talents in such exacting circumstances.

In the opinion of the writer of this article the Yugoslavian international inside-forward Dragoslav Sekularac is the most accomplished player in Europe today. (O.)

Another facet of Sekularac's make-up which is gradually being changed is his fiery temperament, commonplace among the Latins but unusual in a Slav. More than once his explosive temper has threatened to bring his career to a premature end for as an artist with the ball he is able to beat an opponent so easily, so consistently, that his flashing feet are often the target for exasperated opponents who resort to unfair methods in their efforts to stop him.

Referees, too, have often qualified for a scorching blast of Sekularac's tongue when strict action is not taken against the offenders—and this, too, has frequently landed him in trouble!

Suspended!

Perhaps the turning point for Sekularac came two years ago when he was suspended for eighteen months after kicking an opponent who had repeatedly fouled him—and breaking the offender's leg. At this time he whiled away the months of inactivity playing ice-hockey, but though his presence attracted greater crowds to Red Star's "B" ice-hockey team than had ever watched the first team, he clearly missed playing football. Perhaps, too, the rough and tumble of the game on ice helped to cool his quick temper, but whatever their reasoning the Yugoslavs reduced his suspension and made him captain of the national team for Chile!

In the past Sekularac had often been brilliant, as for example in Yugoslavia's 5-0 drubbing of England four years ago or in Paris during the last stages of the European Nations' Cup in 1960, but in those days he often used his effortless ball control and bewildering body feints to please himself or draw admiration from the side-lines. Now he has learned when to part with the ball, and more and more is using his ability to juggle his way past an opponent in the interests of his team.

Goalscorers

He still indulges from time to time in a mazy weaving dribble but the climax is now a well executed pass to the feet of a team-mate in front of goal. Like many of the great ball players Sekularac is seldom among the goalscorers though when he does get a goal it's usually a gem. His shooting lacks power but nothing in the way of subtlety or direction. With the inside or outside of the foot he imparts a deceptive swerve to the ball with unconscious ease, from long range, though closer to goal he still prefers to dribble his way past an advancing 'keeper and walk the ball into the net.

Though often out of favour, Sekularac has already played thirty-two times for Yugoslavia and when the next World Cup is staged he will still be only twenty-eight: young enough, experienced enough and talented enough to make a really big impression. Today he is already one of the most elegant players in the game; and certainly the biggest crowd-puller in Europe.

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European Fixtures

Continued from page 8

October 21

Malaga v. Coruna; Elche v. Barcelona; Valladolid v. Real Madrid; Oviedo v. Betis; Valencia v. Atletico Bilbao; Sevilla v. Mallorca; Atletico Madrid v. Osasuna; Zaragoza v. Cordoba.

October 28

Malaga v. Elche; Barcelona v. Valladolid; Real Madrid v. Oviedo; Betis v. Valencia; Atletico Bilbao v. Sevilla; Mallorca v. Atletico Madrid; Osasuna v. Zaragoza; Coruna v. Cordoba.

WEST GERMANY

(South West)

October 7

Eintr. Kreuznach v. Neunkirchen; 1. FC Kaiserlautern v. FK Pirmasens; FSV Mainz 05 v. 1.FC Saarbrucken; Niederlahnstein v. Tura L'hafen (Sa); SV Saar 05 v. BSC Oppau; Ludwigshaf. SC v. TuS Neuendorf; Wormatia Worms v. VfR Kaiserslautern; Spfr. Saarbrucken v. VfR Frankenthal.

October 14

FK Pirmasens v. Neunkirchen; Spfr. Saarbrucken v. Wormatia Worms; TuS Neuendorf v. Tura L'hafen; SV Mainz 05 v. SV Saar 05; 1.FC Saarbrucken v. BSC Oppau (Sa); 1.FC Kaiserslautern v. Kreuznach; VfR Frankenthal v. VfR Kaiserslautern; Ludwigshaf. SC v. Niederlahnstein.

October 21

SV Saar 05 v. FK Pirmasens; Wormatia Worms v. 1.FC Saarbrucken (Sa); Neunkirchen v. 1.FC Kaiserslautern; Tura L'hafen v. SC Ludwigshafen; VfR Kaiserslautern v. Spfr. Saarbrucken; BSC Oppau v. Mainz 05; Eintr. Kreuznach v. TuS Neuendorf; Niederlahnstein v. VfR Frankenthal.

October 28

TuS Neuendorf v. 1.FC Saarbrucken; Eintr. Kreuznach v. Wormatia Worms; BSC Oppau v. Tura L'hafen; 1.FC Kaiserslautern v. Spfr. Saarbrucken (Sa); Ludwigshaf SC v. Mainz 05; Neunkirchen v. VfR Kaiserslautern; SV Saar 05 v. Niederlahnstein; FK Pirmasens v. VfR Frankenthal.

WEST GERMANY

(North)

October 7

Bremerhaven 93 v. Werder Bremen; E. Braunschw. v. VfV Hildesheim; Hamburger SV v. FC St. Pauli (Sa); VfL Osnabruck v. VfB Oldenburg; Holstein Kiel v. VfR Neumunster; ASV Bergedorf v. SC Concordia; Arm. Hannover v. Hannover 96; FC Altona 93 v. VfB Lubeck.

October 14

Werder Bremen v. Hamburger SV; VfV Hildesheim v. Holstein Kiel; Hannover 96 v. Braunschweig; VfB Lubeck v. VfL Osnabruck; VfB Oldenburg v. Bergedorf 85; FC St. Pauli v. Altona 93 (Sa); VfR Neumunster v. Bremerhaven; Concordia v. Arm. Hannover.

October 21

Werder Bremen v. VfV Hildesheim; VfB Oldenburg v. FC St. Pauli; Arm. Hannover v. Holstein Kiel; E. Braunschweig v. VfL Osnabruck; FC Altona 93 v. Bergedorf 85; Concordia v. Hannover 96; Hamburger SV v. Bremerhaven (Sa); VfR Neumunster v. VfB Lubeck.

October 28

VfL Osnabruck v. Hamburger SV; FC St. Pauli v. Werder Bremen; Bremerhaven 93 v. Braunschweig; VfV Hildesheim v. VfB Oldenburg; Holstein Kiel v. Altona 93 (Sa); Hannover 96 v. VfR Neumunster; VfB Lubeck v. SC Concordia; ASV Bergedorf v. Arm. Hannover.

Ajax-Feyenoord clash in Holland and Ajax goalkeeper Hoogerman is beaten to this drive from Feyenoord's Bouwmeester. (P.A.I.)

EAST GERMANY

October 7

ASK Vorwaerts v. SC Dynamo Berlin; SC Lok Leipzig v. SC Rotation Leipzig; SC Turbine Erfurt v. SC Motor Jena; Motor Zwickau v. SC Empor Rostock; SC Wismut Karl-Marx-Stadt v. SC Motor Karl-Marx-Stadt; SC Aktivist Brieske-Senftenberg v. Dynamo Dresden; SC Aufbau Magdeburg v. SC Chemie Halle (Sa).

October 21

SC Rotation Leipzig v. Motor Zwickau; SC Aufbau Magdeburg v. SC Aktivist Brieske-Senftenberg; Dynamo Dresden v. SC Chemie Halle; SC Motor Karl-Marx-Stadt v. SC Turbine Erfurt; SC Empor Rostock v. SC Wismut Karl-Marx-Stadt (Sa); SC Dynamo Berlin v. SC Lok Leipzig; SC Motor Jena v. ASK Vorwaerts.

October 28

SC Empor Rostock v. SC Motor Jena; Dynamo Dresden v. Vorwaerts; SC Lok Leipzig v. SC Motor Karl-Marx-Stadt; SC Dynamo Berlin v. SC Aufbau Magdeburg; SC Turbine Erfurt v. SC Rotation Leipzig; SC Chemie Halle v. Motor Zwickau (Sa); SC Wismut Karl-Marx-Stadt v. SC Aktivist Brieske-Senftenberg.

ITALY

October 7

Atalanta v. Venezia; Catania v. Roma; Juventus v. Bologna; Mantova v. Lanerossi Vicenza; Milan v. Fiorentina; Modena v. Torino; Napoli v. Genoa; Palermo v. Internazionale; Sampdoria v. Spal.

October 14

Bologna v. Modena; Fiorentina v. Atalanta; Genoa v. Sampdoria; Internazionale v. Napoli; Lanerossi Vicenza v. Milan; Palermo v. Catania; Roma v. Juventus; Torino v. Spal; Venezia v. Mantova.

October 21

Atalanta v. Bologna; Catania v. Venezia; Genoa v. Torino; Juventus v. Sampdoria; Lanerossi Vicenza v. Palermo; Milan v. Internazionale; Modena v. Mantova; Napoli x. Fiorentina; Spal v. Roma.

October 28

Bologna v. Spal; Catania v. Genoa; Fiorentina v. Palermo; Internazionale v. Atalanta; Mantova v. Napoli; Roma v. Lanerossi Vicenza; Sampdoria v. Milan; Torino v. Juventus; Venezia v. Modena.

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Trouble over new migrant players

BOOK REVIEW by LESLIE PAGE

"World Cup '62", edited by Gordon Jeffery, Stratton Smith and Friedebert Becker (Souvenir Press), 18s.

TO have secured the World Cup Finals for Chile was a triumph of some magnitude for the late Carlos Dittborn. This achievement accepted it is easy to imagine the Latin flavour of the Championships. They are unlikely to be played out under such contrasting conditions for many years and this, to some extent, must have had a great bearing upon the performances of many of the individuals who took part and, in its turn, upon the footballing fates of the nations.

Besides presenting almost every fact one would wish in strict chronological order, this book takes a stern and serious look at many of the influencing circumstances surrounding the Finals. It is simplicity in itself to run through the matches and slowly digest the reports from a team of contributors covering each game. But there is also a brave effort to evaluate the soccer power of all the contestants.

Gordon Jeffery sketches in the beginnings of the Jules Rimet trophy and also the path taken by the original fifty-six countries who entered. Stratton Smith's summary of England's performances is fairly stated and one is grateful to him for quoting Jean Eskanazi's comment on how he sees England's attitude to the game, "Shall we make love or catch a bus?"

For those of us who already look forward to 1966, "World Cup '62" provides not only valuable information but also a breath of the lather and sweat which went to make up the fight to footballing death in Chile so far away from its European birth. The speed with which it has been presented and its general approach make this a major sporting volume.

AUSTRALIAN NEWSLETTER by JACK TALBOT

APIA-LEICHHARDT announced that they intended to field Scottish wing-half Willie Stevenson, who is still retained by Glasgow Rangers, in the match against Budapest. But shortly before the fixture was due to start they withdrew the player when threatened with disqualification by the New South Wales Federation of Soccer Clubs.

The president of Apia, Jim Bayutti, resigned as soon as he was informed of the Federation's decision. Stevenson unexpectedly arrived in Australia a couple of weeks earlier. He said that his contract with Glasgow Rangers had expired and that he had come to Sydney as a migrant. The Scottish team notified the Federation that he was still a retained player.

The Federation then ruled that he could not play in Australia without a clearance. Stevenson said that he intended to remain in Australia. Apia has made a five-figure offer, to be paid over four years, to Rangers for the player. Bayutti recently returned to Sydney after a business trip to Europe, during which he made arrangements to bring twelve "name" players from Great Britain and Italy to Australia next season. Apia will proceed with plans to acquire these footballers.

Sir Stanley Rous, the president of the International Soccer Federation (F.I.F.A.), arrived in Sydney on August 28. The main purpose of his visit was to look over the state of the game in Australia and discuss with officials the possibility of Australia's re-admission to the International body. F.I.F.A. disqualified Australia a few years ago on the ground that they accepted players from Europe who had not received clearances from their clubs. The Australian answer was that the players came as genuine assisted migrants and should not be barred from the game.

Austrian and Dutch clubs, who lodged the complaints with F.I.F.A., sought large transfer fees for players who came to Australia.

IVAN SHARPE

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A NEW GOLDEN SOCCER AGE

ERIC BATTY concludes his blueprint for the future

Continued from page 13

out coaching we can only grope our way through the football jungle and hope that we'll be lucky enough to find players like Matthews, Mannion and Finney growing on trees. These outstanding players were the products of a different age, and today the conditions are so completely changed that now we must face the fact that we aren't going to get them merely by hoping.

If we make an honest comparison between the average English player and his counterpart in other countries we'll find that the English have many commendable characteristics that develop without hard work. We can say, for example, that English players don't give up when they are trailing by two or three goals, and I know very well that many continentals do just that.

I know also that English players are not at all afraid to shoot — they do it naturally, instinctively, while the continentals have to be taught! Again, they are not afraid of hard tackling while many foreigners shy away from it and taking the game as a whole it can be said that English players are just as fit, just as fast and just as eager as anyone abroad.

All these things are there for nothing. It gives them a head start over nearly everyone else, but they fall down on other vital factors.

Physical

We can say generally that to play football we need ideas, and then we need the skill with the ball to carry them out; the physical speed to exploit a good opening when it has been created, and physical strength so that we can go on using our ideas and skill right through a match and extra time if need be — three or four matches a week when the competition demands it.

Jimmy Hogan, Britain's best known coach, spent the greater part of his life teaching foreigners how to play the game, yet was consistently ignored at home. His maxims were brains, ball control and body balance and brains he said were most important.

If we can accept that at every level, and attempt to get every one of our youngsters playing and practising with these three requirements in mind we can work miracles — but if we fail we can do no more than stand by while the game chokes itself in a torrent of mediocrity.

Control

In England there are far more eager and talented youngsters than any other country in Europe — and use of this valuable material is not being made. Some people will tell you that youngsters today don't want work but I know it isn't true. Thousands of them would give anything to play for Spurs, Burnley, Manchester United or Arsenal and if they were really helped I know they'd be prepared to give up two or three evenings a week to get to the top.

By helping I mean providing facilities — giving them somewhere to train under coaches that can make football live for them, keep and develop their interest and enthusiasm. Of course it will take a great deal of effort and a lot of money but it must be done.

No matter how you look at it the investment would be worthwhile for while the game as a whole will benefit from the growing numbers of young players who are working to improve their ball control and develop their ideas, those that fail to make the grade as players will have a new intelligent interest in the game and eventually become intelligent followers.

Then it can be hoped with some justification that the idiotic cries from the terraces — "Get stuck into him, get rid of it, kick it" — will cease to be heard, and this, too, will be for the good of the game.

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SELECTING HONOURS IS NEVER EASY

COLIN McALPIN'S Irish News

Continued from page 25

status for some time now and if they look over their shoulder into the Republic they can see Sligo Rovers who were thrown out of the League of Ireland as a warning.

Arresting

Distillery.—George Eastham has been busy signing "stars", notably Ards international Tommy Forde. The Whites have always been noted for playing good football but never near goals. They have plenty of stars even last year with Roy Welsh and the Ulster Flier (Kenny Hamilton) and up in the centre-forward position the arresting figure of Meldrum, a policeman.

They do not seem to have that necessary bite to their game and in fact, perhaps it is my outlook on their game in the past, they seem to go to bits when their opponents score.

Glenavon.—Some seasons ago Glenavon were the team who could do no wrong but like many another they fell from grace. Manager Jimmy McAlinden plans to turn that failure to success and with this in mind plans to turn out one of the youngest forward lines in the history of the club Their average age will be twenty with two still teenagers.

He was disappointed with their efforts last term and during the summer has kept himself busy with signings. He is now happy with the results. If McAlinden is confident then I'm sure I am not the one to go against his hopes.

Not this time

Glentoran.—Isaac McDowell crossed from Linfield to the Oval and all Glen fans are hoping he can do the same with their team. He has certainly not wasted much time over training them for the struggles to come. For the Glens it must surely be the year for the League. They have the talent and inclination but at the back of my mind something tells me it is not their year this year.

It is perhaps fitting that we should end our survey of hopes with the two leading teams in the league. They were last year and I'm certain they will be this year. **Linfield** won all the cups and the League and have always been a team of stars and success. They have the same team and on the face of it I see no club capable of knocking them down from their castle.

Toppling

If any team is capable of toppling Linfield it is Gibby McKenzie's **Portadown.** Second in the League (they chased all the season), runners-up in the cup. They will come out determined for this try — so watch out, Linfield.

I hate to do it but if I must pick placings I'll risk it as thus: Linfield (1), Portadown (2), Crusaders (3) and the rest to sort themselves out. One last thing. . . . Please, no letters if I am wrong — I expect to be.

GOVERNMENT AID HELPS BOOST SUDAN SOCCER

By LES COURTIER
(*National Coach, Sudan F.A.*)

HERE in the Sudan soccer has a lot to offer, teams from Hungary, the Austrian National side, First Vienna, Yugoslavia, Russia, have all played in Khartoum, whilst reciprocating visits have been made.

The present policy which we are now adopting is the youth policy advocated by Sir Stanley Rous at the last F.I.F.A. conference in Chile.

The 1964 Olympic Games are only around the corner, as are the next World Cup series to be held in Britain, and we are working hard preparing for these events, leaving no stone unturned.

In the Sudan the leading teams are Mourada, Mirreikh, Hilal, and Nile, and each of these teams will soon be the proud possessors of first class stadiums, which have been sponsored by the Government. Already, Mourada, and Hilal own their own ground, each with a capacity of 40,000, whilst the Khartoum stadium which is now floodlit holds roughly the same amount. The potential here is very encouraging and young players like Omer El Nur, Omer El Tom, Aly Said Ahmed are names to be noted in the future, whilst Mahmoud Sebeir is reported to have interested the Italians who are prepared to offer a big sum for his services.

Popular

Wherever I have travelled in Africa I have found youngsters playing football which beyond doubt has proved the most popular sport, whilst the older generation roll up in their thousands to watch and cheer their favourite side whether it be club or country.

In West Africa, soccer has become very important and players like Baba Yara and Aggry Fynn of Ghana and Dejo Fayemi and Albert Onyeamwuna of Nigeria plus a host of others are as good as any you will find anywhere in the world.

What is now required is competition against more teams from outside the continent, for mark my words the African sphere of influence has its eyes on the Jules Rimet Trophy just as the South Americans and Europeans have.

My warning, watch Africa in soccer. And develop their natural ability, not destroy it. That is coaching.

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EUROPEAN NATIONS CUP FIRST ROUND, SECOND LEG

Iceland (0) **1** (Arnason)
Rep. of Ireland (1) **1** (Tuohy)

Iceland: Danielsson; Nyalson, B. Felixsson; Arnason, Stefanson, Th. Jonsson; Augustsson, Beck, R. Jonsson, Schram, Jakobsson.

Republic of Ireland: Kelly; McNally, Traynor; Nolan, Hurley, Seward; Curtis, Fogarty, Cantwell, Peyton, Tuohy.

INTERNATIONAL

Poland (0) **0**
Hungary (2) **2** (Tichy, pen., Gorocs)

Poland: Szymkowiak; Szczepanski, Kawula; Nicroba, Oslizlo, Grzegorczyk; Faber, Brychcy, Musialek (Gadda), Pohl, Lentner.

Hungary: Szentmihalyi; Matrai, Sarosi; Solymosi, Meszoly, Sipos; Rakosi, Gorocz, Machos, Tichy, Fenyvesi.

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SOUTH AMERICAN COMMENTARY

By GORDON JEFFERY—*from page 11*

they had apparently anticipated with considerable enthusiasm, was Pesudo; Benitez, Gracia; Segarra, Olivella, Fuste; Pereda, Kocsis, Zaldua, Zabalia and Vicente. Kocsis scored the only goal in the first half and Zaldua, Pereda and Camps, who had come on as a substitute, in the second.

Reims had earlier covered somewhat similar ground on a lengthy tour that actually began in Vienna with a match against the Austrian national side who won 4-0 and then, suiting the demands of air-transport, London, Dakar, Recife, Rio, Sao Paulo, Montevideo, Buenos Aires (and a match against River Plate) Santiago (a match against Universidad de Chile), Lima, Quito (and a match against a local selection), Bogota (and a match against Medellin), Panama, Costa Rica, San Salvador, Mexico (and a match against Necaxa), Miami, the West Indies (and a match against Martinique), the French West Indies (and a match against Guadeloupe), New York — and home.

Favourites

Most of Reims stars, Vincent, Kopa, Akesbi, Wendling, Colonna and company, made the trip, together with Kaelbel whose transfer from Le Havre has since been officially confirmed. Two who also made the tour will not be appearing in Reims ranks in France this season — Fontaine sadly beaten by his succession of injuries, and Azhar transferred to Grenoble. The latter and Akesbi had left the touring party in Mexico: the rest continued to improve their knowledge of the geography of the world — as I hope they have done mine although I am not vouching for that!

Of the eight matches played, Reims won four — the easier ones it has to be admitted — against Quito 3-1, Necaxa 4-1, Martinique 6-0, and Guadeloupe 4-0; and lost four — to Austria 0-4, River Plate 0-1, Universidad de Chile 1-2, and Medellin 1-2. Surprise of the tour — and a very pleasing one for Reims — was the fine goalkeeping of their young reserve player, Barreau. It seems unlikely that he will be the reserve at the end of the season. . . .

BOTH RHODESIAS INVITED

RHODESIA AND NYASALAND

BOTH Northern and Southern Rhodesia were admitted to the International Federation provisionally at the Congress held in Chile in June. Both have already been invited to submit names of referees to be put on the F.I.F.A. panel and have been invited to attend the African Nations Association Congress in Cairo next year. It is expected that they will be included in the next Africa Cup contest and there has been mention of taking part in the Olympics preliminary tournament (writes NORMAN D. REICH).

Northern Rhodesia are also to consider exchanging tours with other countries in Africa — Uganda, an African Cup semi-finalist, has already been mentioned.

Southern Rhodesia expect to be included in a tour of Africa by the crack Yugoslav club, Red Star Dynamos of Belgrade, in the near future. Fixtures with Mozambique are also proposed.

Nyasaland were to meet Tanganyika in a series of matches to coincide with the visit of the Premier of Guinea, President Sekou Toure. When the visit was called off, the tour was cancelled but it is hoped that it will materialise in the near future. Both countries desperately need the type of practice they would get from such meetings.

KATANGA

ALTHOUGH Katanga is still a state besieged by tension, soccer competitions are steadily returning to normal. All the leading clubs — Royal Elizabethville, Amicale, Sporting and Jadotville — are back in operation.

THE SWEDISH SAGA

—*Continued from page 15*

not take place until 1908, the year of affiliation to F.I.F.A.

Sweden began well, beating Norway 11-3 — it took the Norwegians ten years to win an international and almost as long to forget this one — but they came unstuck against the much stiffer opposition of England, Holland and Belgium. The match against England took place in the 1908 Olympiad and although Bergström hit the post in the first minute and eventually scored a goal, England ran up no less than twelve in reply.

The Swedes twice faltered against Holland in subsequent Olympiads — "their undoing was extra time" — but finally gained revenge with a 3-1 victory in the 1924 Tournament, to take third place. Yet despite this and despite fourth position in the 1938 World Cup Sweden never established their superiority in Scandinavian soccer — where first Denmark and then Norway held sway.

The Swedes "lacked brilliance and invention" in losing 2-1 to Germany in the 1934 World Cup; suffered their "greatest debacle" when Japan beat them 3-2 in the 1936 Olympics; looked a "team of steel" in beating Cuba 8-0 in 1938, but melted very easily under the Hungarian blowlamp in the Semi-Final. With one minute remaining, and the score at 5-1 in the Magyar's favour, the French journalist Gambin summed it up ironically when he remarked: "The Swedes will have trouble in equalising!"

Nevertheless Sweden could boast of many first-class players in the early days, and a few outstanding performers — Ekroth, Lindberg, Bergström, Malm, Fribourg, Kaufeldt, Rydell and Alfredsson — come easily to mind. Perhaps their best player was Rudolf Kock, who gained thirty-five caps at outside-left and was instrumental more than any other in keeping the "unknown coach", George Raynor, in Sweden after the war. But the era of gold and glory still lay in the future.

Next month: *The rise of Norrköping . . . the coming of Raynor . . . Olympic Gold and Italian lira . . . rebuilding for Rio . . . foreign "mercenaries" . . . Champions of Europe . . . London triumph and Berlin tragedy . . . to Tokio and Wembley.*

Botafogo won the Mexico City Pentagonal Championship defeating Mexican side America 2-1. Zagalo (striped shirt) scores the first goal for the Brazilians. (Keystone 2.)

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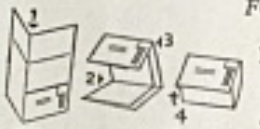

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